Genl O. M. Poe

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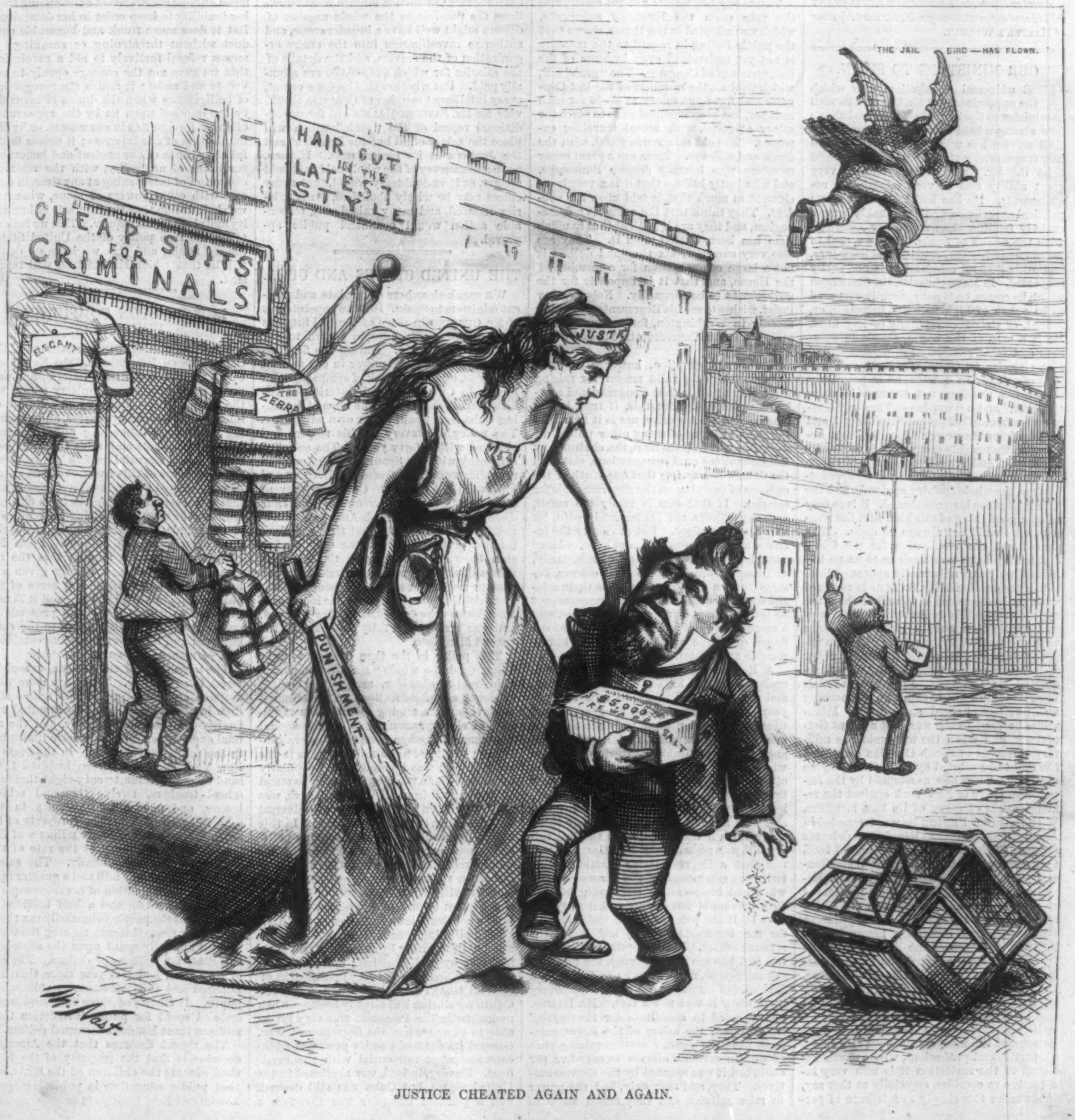
GENET'S FLIGHT.

The particulars of the escape of Henry W. Genet from the custody of a drowsy and too confiding deputy-sheriff need not be recapitulated here. Despite the serious nature of the officer's remissness, the affair has an absurd aspect, which is well reflected in Mr. Nast's cartoon. The offer of a reward of $5000 for the recapture of the fugitive is very like trying to "put salt on a bird's tail," and is quite as likely to be successful. The arrangements for the escape were evidently well planned and skillfully carried out. Had he really flown off through the air he could not have more effectually covered his tracks. There is a strong probability that he was for some time securely hidden in this city, while false telegrams from different parts of the country put the detectives on a false scent, and that he escaped from this country on board a steamer bound for St. Thomas. Nothing positive, however, is known in regard to his movements.

The consideration with which he was treated by the officers of the law to whose charge he had been consigned, and the ease with which he slipped out of their hands, are additional evidences of the thorough demoralization of the sheriff's office under the late incumbent. He evidently regarded Tweed and Genet as the victims of political persecution, temporarily under a cloud, and he treated them accordingly. The spectacle of a convicted criminal allowed to range at large in company with a deputy-sheriff (it would seem absurd to say in his custody), to give a "farewell party" at his house, and otherwise enjoy all the liberty and privileges of a good citizen, was not conducive to the interests of public morality, and it is to be hoped that it may never be witnessed again in New York. It was far worse than the negligence which permitted the escape of a condemned murderer from the Tombs, and shows, if any thing was needed to show, the necessity of keeping the machinery for the administration of justice clear from all political entanglements. The rebuke just administered by Recorder Hackett to those who applied to him to submit the appointment of a deputy-clerk and of a court officer to a local committee of Tammany politicians lays down the only safe rule to be followed in regard to such appointments. He indignantly refuses to accede to their demand, and declares that the appointment of court officers should be "utterly divorced from political considerations." The Recorder will be sustained in this course by all good citizens.


THE JAIL BIRD — HAS FLOWN.
HAIR CUT IN THE LATEST STYLE
CHEAP SUITS FOR CRIMINALS
ELEGANT
THE ZEBRA
JUSTICE
PUNISHMENT
$5,000 REWARD
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JUSTICE CHEATED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 17, 1874.

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OUR MINISTERS TO SPAIN.

The universal satisfaction with which the appointment of Mr. Caleb Cushing as minister to Spain has been received shows how strong a hold a sensible system of the civil service has upon public opinion, and how unreservedly the Administration might trust it. Mr. Cushing is a man of very great ability and of very remarkable acquirements. He has had long and various political experience, and he probably is more entirely familiar than any other American with the affairs of Spain. He is versed in its language, history, politics, and literature, while his general scholarship is not easily surpassed. In Massachusetts, the State from which he comes, he is not generally supposed to be a man of high political principle, or, indeed, of strong convictions of any kind. He is a man of the world, simple in manners and taste, perfectly self-possessed, and of a singular freshness, readiness, and fullness of mind. In a word, he is peculiarly fit for the position, not because he is a "worker," and a "war-horse," and a "leading Republican," of proper "influence," and coming from the proper "locality," but because he thoroughly comprehends the duties of the post, and is perfectly qualified to discharge them. And no sooner is he appointed than the whole country applauds, and the Administration is strengthened. It is so easy to do a good thing of this kind that the wonder is it should not always be done. Why should not the nomination for the Chief Justiceship have been such as to be no less immediately and universally approved?

The resignation of Mr. Sickles is received with no less general satisfaction than the appointment of his successor. But his original nomination was in strict accordance with the received system. He had been notorious, and was even tried for his life under well-known circumstances. But he was acquitted by the jury. Incessant scandals were related of his private life, but nothing was publicly charged and proved. Meanwhile he went to the war, lost a leg at Gettysburg, and when the war ended, as military Governor of South Carolina compelled the flag to be saluted by a rebellious engine company. Then he was adopted by the Republican party of New York against the remonstrances of many of its best members. With Governor Fenton he was serenaded in Albany, and was sent as Republican delegate at large to the Chicago Convention of 1868, that nominated General Grant. When General Grant was elected, no New York Republican could complain that he nominated as minister to Spain a well-known Union soldier whom the New York Republican Convention had especially honored. Mr. Sumner, chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, reported him for confirmation; Mr. Greeley, in the New York *Tribune*, then the chief Republican journal, warmly applauded the appointment; and after he had been appointed, he was invited to a reception in his honor in the city of New York by some of the most conspicuous citizens of all parties and professions, whose names annexed to the invitation it is now very instructive to consider, especially as they say, "We mean this simply as a tribute of personal respect, esteem, and friendship for one whom we regard as worthy of them all."

The difference in the appointment of Mr. Cushing and Mr. Sickles is that between a good and a bad system. Mr. Cushing is appointed because he is peculiarly fit for the position. Mr. Sickles was nominated, although peculiarly unfit, as a reward of party service. We do not mean, of course, that an Administration is to appoint a minister who is opposed to it. But we do mean that it is to appoint only the fittest among its friends, and that it is not to appoint men notoriously disreputable, or of tainted character, or of amiable incompetence, merely because they are partisans. But the source of the mischief is in the party adoption of leaders of whom it is sure sooner or later to be ashamed. On the morning after the New York Grant meeting in the spring of 1872, at which General Sickles was the chief speaker, a protesting Republican wrote with stinging sarcasm to a friend who warmly supported the President, "Sickles was good, but we missed you and Butler." The moral is very plain. There is no way in which an Administration can more surely or more justly strengthen itself than by appointing to high and honorable office the fittest men, and by refusing to appoint any man except of unspotted character and of recognized ability. And there is no course in which it would be more heartily sustained by the country, as the reception of Mr. Cushing's appointment shows.

THE NEW "GRAB."

The salary business is not yet ended, and the vote upon the Hurlbut substitute, which was adopted in the House, shows that the public feeling in regard to the measure is not yet understood even by some of the best members of Congress. The "grab" bill, which paid all the members of the last Congress and fixed the salary at $7500 for each member, has been modified so as to place the salary at $6000, with actual traveling expenses. The old salary was $5000, with the frank and mileage. There are a great many members who heartily despise Buncombe, and who justly believe that it is a very large element in much that is said upon the subject. They think that the repeal is a demagogism, and they are impatient that so much time has been wasted upon it. They are also very sure that six thousand dollars is not a large compensation for a member of the House, and that it is impolitic for the government to be niggardly. Nobody, they insist, wishes to see his Representative living meanly in Washington, for a constituency suffers when its Representative does not live handsomely.

The whole question, however, is very simple. The only valid reason for raising the salary at all is that Congressional service is underpaid. But this, if true, is not true only of that service, nor is it so true of the legislative as of many other public departments. Mr. Garfield, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, stated in the debate last spring that one-tenth of the expense of carrying on the government is for salaries. If that sum is really too small, and any officers are inadequately paid, let the salary be raised. But obviously the increase must be reasonable, and in accordance with some principle. To select arbitrarily, as Congress did, eighteen civil officers, besides its own members, and raise their salaries forty per cent., and give the same amount to the members of an expiring House, was a monstrous outrage. It was a flagrant defiance of public opinion, essentially unreasonable and unjust.

A Representative in Congress received, under the law of 1866, five thousand dollars and perquisites. His official term was two years, and he was required to spend of that time, at the very utmost, not more than ten months in Washington, and he might engage in any profitable business during his whole term. There are Custom-house and other officers who receive at the utmost twenty-five hundred dollars for their services, who must be constantly at their posts, and who are not allowed to do any thing else. Now, if from 1866, when the last salary bill was passed, until last March, it was fair that a Representative should receive twice the emolument of the revenue officer, what had happened in the spring of 1873 that he should receive an added forty per cent.? If the price of living had increased for the Representative, so had it for the revenue officer. If the Representative's duties had become more onerous, the fact was not suggested, nor was any proof of such a fact offered—and for the reason that every body knew it was not a fact. Mr. Dawes, indeed, tried to substitute for the "grab," which raised the salary of the Representatives forty per cent., a section raising that of certain revenue officers twenty-five per cent., but it was scouted by the Representatives. They, and they only, had the power to raise salaries, and they raised those of 379 officers out of 60,000 or 70,000, they themselves being 361 of the whole, and gave "back pay" to retiring members, and all this when the receipts of the government for the previous quarter had fallen off more than eight millions of dollars, and the Treasury was running behind in the payment of the public debt. Of course we do not forget the members who opposed the "grab" to the last, and who are therefore not included in public censure.

Objection to this performance is not Buncombe, nor does it show the demagogue, as General Butler fondly believes. Nobody ought to wish the government to be niggardly, but every body should insist that it be just. If it be reasonable to raise the salary of members of Congress, of the cabinet, and of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and to double that of the President, it can only be because they were disproportionately adjusted before, which is not asserted, or because of some consideration that should proportionally raise all other salaries. And if this was true in March, it is not less true in January. If it was in the highest sense improper under the circumstances of last spring for Congress to increase the salary of its members forty or fifty per cent., it can not be right, under the same or worse circumstances, this winter, to increase it twenty or thirty per cent. For it is not right to increase it at all except upon some carefully digested system which will advance proportionally all other salaries.

We should, indeed, be very glad to see the whole subject examined, and such a system prepared. Mr. Willard's motion that the Civil Service Committee inquire what reductions are possible in the whole number of officers might well have a broader scope, and authorize investigation into the entire organization of the service, and the details of the salaries for which $26,000,000 are annually paid. But whether this be done or not, every intelligent member of Congress should vote for Mr. Eugene Hale's bill for unconditional repeal of the "grab," which will place the salary of all but the President and the Justices at its former sum. If, then, upon a fair survey of the whole field, it should appear, as it undoubtedly would, that many offices may be wisely abolished, many salaries reduced, and many raised, any reasonable action would command public approval.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

We speak elsewhere of our late and present ministers to Spain. But the appointment of Mr. Cushing in place of General Sickles has peculiar significance in regard to our relations with Spain. During the final ascendency of the slave power in our politics there was, under the mask of sympathy with liberty in Cuba, a careful fostering of the filibustering spirit, with the hope of detaching Cuba from Spain to our own advantage. The policy of slavery in this respect had changed within forty years. The so-called sympathy with the Spanish South American republics warmly professed by Mr. Clay and others did not extend to Cuba, nor prevent him when he became Secretary of State from discouraging the Spanish-American movement for its relief. At that time the slave interest preferred Cuba as an outlying foreign bulwark of slavery in the Southern States of the Union. But afterward, when a larger market for the slave-breeding States and a political balance against the increase of Free States were desired, the policy changed, and was frankly and fully expressed in the Ostend Manifesto.

This policy in the then dominant party encouraged the whole "manifest destiny," chip-on-the-shoulder, arrogant, truculent tendency of public feeling. A government of slave-holders, aiming solely at the extension of slavery, assumed to be the special guardians of freedom upon the Western continent; and the Monroe doctrine, as it was called, which was ignorantly and popularly supposed to be a warning to Europe to stand off at her peril from all Western shores, was represented as a kind of charter of universal American liberty and independence. In this utterly demoralized and demoralizing political school General Sickles was bred. He was secretary to James Buchanan in London when that minister signed the Ostend circular with John Y. Mason, of Virginia, and Pierre Soulé, of Louisiana. He had all the political views and vices of that dark and humiliating epoch. He was in no sense a Republican, either by antecedents, by sympathy, or by predisposition; and he was appointed to Spain in the very first months of General Grant's administration, when the Cuban revolution had already begun—when undoubtedly the President was very favorable to it, and when the Secretary of War, General Rawlings, was its professed advocate, and most influential with the President. Slavery, indeed, was abolished in the United States, but Cuba was still desired, and a political filibuster was therefore a representative of the American greed of Cuban annexation.

Mr. Cushing had for many years acted with the Democratic party, and was Attorney-General of President Pierce, who suggested the Ostend Manifesto; but he was bred in quite other traditions, and he has always worn party liveries lightly. Of late years he has held very decided views upon the subject of our relations to Spain and our friendly duties, in which he has doubtless sympathized with the Secretary of State. They are views which require the most honorable conduct, and the strictest care that our soil and waters shall not be used as the base of hostilities toward a friend. In these views he has been confirmed by his studies and official participation at Geneva in the *Alabama* questions; and he who held England so strictly to account for her unfriendliness when she had recognized the belligerence of the Southern Confederation, is not likely to favor unfriendliness in his own country toward an ally when no war has been acknowledged.

Mr. Cushing's known views will be a credential to Spain of our honest purpose toward her, and his assured friendship will give him peculiar facilities for settling not only what differences may still arise in the question of the *Virginius*, but the point from which, under the circumstances, all such differences spring. The same disposition will enable him to urge with peculiar cogency our remonstrances against inhuman warfare in Cuba, and our desire that we may be freed from the annoyance of a tempestuous neighbor. Honest friendship for Spain does not mean endless endurance of evils arising from her inability to keep order in her dominions. But it does mean frank and honorable conduct without threatening or sneaking; it means refusal furtively to aid a revolution that we have not the courage openly to advocate and assist; it means the recognition of belligerence when the duties of neutrality are imposed upon us by the appearance of a new foreign flag in our waters, or by the implication of our interests; it means faithful observance of our ancient and honorable traditions of neutrality, with the reserved discretion of intervening at any time, in concert with other powers or alone, whenever we shall decide that the interests of humanity and civilization require. This we believe to be the true policy of the United States toward Spain, and this we have no doubt will be that which Mr. Cushing will represent.

REPORT UPON COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, chairman of the Committee on Education of the New York City Council of Political Reform, has prepared a report upon compulsory education, the result of careful study and collation of information from many sources, and presenting many most interesting and important facts. The report maintains that universal education is essential to free government: that, conscious of this truth, every free state has established a system of free schools, and that self-preservation imposes upon our government the duty of requiring the education of the people, that there may be an intelligent exercise of the suffrage. From Mr. Hawkins's survey it appears that the national government has already given one hundred and forty millions of acres of the public lands to aid education, and it is now proposed to devote the entire proceeds of public lands yet undisposed of to the same purpose; and the government has established a permanent bureau of education.

The magnitude of the national school interest is suggestive. There are more than fourteen and a half millions of school-children in the country, and two hundred and twenty-one thousand teachers, and the annual expense for schools is more than ninety-five millions of dollars. In the State of New York there are fifteen hundred thousand school-children, twenty-eight thousand school-teachers, twelve thousand school-houses, and one million volumes in the school libraries. The school property of the State is worth twenty-four millions of dollars, and it is improved at the rate of two millions of dollars annually. The school law lays a tax of one mill and a quarter upon each dollar of valuation of taxable property, which realizes two and a half millions of dollars; but the people voluntarily tax themselves four times this sum, making the whole amount annually spent upon the schools in this State ten millions of dollars. The city of New York had last year more than two hundred and thirty thousand public-school pupils. It employed three thousand teachers, and spent for public instruction three millions three hundred thousand dollars.

The report declares that the American doctrine is that the property of the State shall educate the children of the State, and that public education is public economy. The city of New York pays more to restrain and punish a few thousand criminals, who become such mainly from the want of education, than to educate the two hundred and thirty thousand children. Statistics are eloquent upon the intimate connection of ignorance and crime. In France, from 1867 to 1869, one-half the inhabitants could neither read nor write, and this half furnished ninety-five per cent. of those arrested, and eighty-seven per cent. of those convicted of crime. In our six New England States only seven per cent. of the inhabitants over ten years of age can neither read nor write, and this small minority commits eighty per cent. of the crime. In New York and Pennsylvania an ignorant person commits seven times the number of crimes that one who can read and write commits, and in the whole country the proportion rises to ten times. The study of statistics shows that it is the school rather than the church that restrains crime. In 1870 this question was especially examined in Bavaria, and with this result:

	Per 1000 Buildings.		Per 100,000 Souls.
	Churches.	School-houses.	Crimes.
Upper Bavaria...........	15	5⅛	667
Upper Franconia........	5	7	444
Lower Bavaria...........	10	4⅛	870
The Palatinate...........	4	11	425
Lower Palatinate........	11	6	690
Lower Franconia........	5	10	384

The same study shows that, other things being equal, as education increases, pauperism decreases. This is true of Europe, and not less so of this country. Thus in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois one in ten of illiterate persons is a pauper, while of the rest of the population there is but one pauper in three hundred persons.

As the chief expenses of government arise from crime and pauperism, which invade the order and justice which it is the function of government to maintain, the extirpation of ignorance is one of its first duties; and since it provides the means of education, it must require that the end be attained. The results of a compulsory system elsewhere are familiar to all students of this subject. In General Hazen's work upon the school and the army in Germany and France he says, plainly, "It is the compulsory education of children which makes the German army so effective." Wherever it has been thoroughly tried it has become a fixed policy. In this country Boston has had such a law for twenty years, and in the last ten it has reduced truancy from school sixty per cent. New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Michigan have adopted it, and so has the city of London, in England, where the power is discretionary. The necessity in this State is seen in the fact that the average attendance upon the public schools is only about one-third of the whole school population, and upon all schools, public and private, only one-half.

Public education, of course, should be secular, for the Constitution properly forbids any favor to any form of religious faith. Religious education should be left to the churches. This, which is the original American doctrine, has been unquestioned by any sect until the growth of one chiefly composed of citizens of foreign birth, and whose chief until recently was a foreign ruler. This sect, the Roman Church, under the direction of a foreign authority, which has been unlawfully fostered at the expense of a State, demands parochial instead of public schools; in other words, that the public money shall be divided among the sects, and education be intrusted to sectarian clergymen. This parochial system is old in Europe, especially in Spain and Italy, and its results are familiar. It produces a few highly educated and a mass of ignorant inhabitants, with a large pauper and criminal class, a low morality, superstition and tendency to despotism, with national stagnation. The results of the two systems may be seen also in this country. There are five and a half millions of foreign-born inhabitants, mainly from countries like England and Ireland, where the parochial system has prevailed, and they may be considered a fair average product of that method. The facts of comparison are shown in this table:

	Illiterates.	Paupers.	Criminals.	Inhabitants.
Parochial-school system	1400	410	160 to the	10,000
Public-school system in 21 States..............	350	170	75 to the	10,000
Public-school system in Massachusetts........	71	49	11 to the	10,000

Thus this sect demands that the American system of non-sectarian free public schools shall be replaced by a parochial system which produces four times as many illiterates, two and a half times as many paupers, and more than twice as many criminals as ours. Such facts and considerations seem to the committee to demonstrate the necessity of a compulsory law, and the report concludes with recommending a resolution to that effect. The report of Mr. Hawkins is a very valuable contribution to this most important discussion.

GOVERNOR DIX'S LAST APPOINTMENTS.

Governor Dix has appointed Alexander S. Johnson to be Judge of Appeals, in place of the late Judge Peckham, and Theodore W. Dwight to be Commissioner of Appeals, in place of Judge Johnson. They are both appointments of the very highest character, and, as such, are characteristic of the administration of Governor Dix. Judge Johnson is one of the most learned and sagacious lawyers in the State, and the great accomplishments of Professor Dwight both in law and in general literature have given him just distinction. These appointments fitly close the first year of Governor Dix's term, which has fully vindicated the wisdom of his nomination, and which, completed as it has begun, will rank with the best in the history of the State, recalling the days of Jay and of Clinton.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. V.

There can be nothing more fresh and verdant than the London parks. Like picturesque fragments of the inland English scenery, they seem to have fallen accidentally into the midst of the toiling city, and are wildly luxuriant, as if scarcely touched by the trainer's hand. In Hyde Park there are rambles under the huge oaks and chestnuts as quiet and solitary, rough and neglected, as if they were in a primeval forest. The trees are often pictures, some worn, bruised, and disordered by time, yet huge and powerful, tall and stately, and some beautiful and young, with broad limbs and massive trunks that seem to scorn the flight of years. One sees the generations of men before him in the generations of the forest; it is not in the falling leaves alone that the first of poets and all his successors might read the fate of their race. Nor would any poet or saint disdain to call these fair trees his brethren. Under their shade have swept on the aspiring throngs of court and camp, of all who have forced themselves into a brief or lasting observation in the annals of England. Courtiers and poets, soldiers and princes, gay women and men, celebrated at least in the story that records their acts, have shone generation after generation under the oaks of Hyde Park and in the green alleys of St. James's. It was in the latter that King Charles II. led his disorderly train of satyrs and of furies, of reactionists and conservatives, who hoped to blot out in wild revels the memory of the Puritan revival; and in Hyde Park Cromwell had long ago trained the citizens of London to the contest with Belial. In the soft scenery of St. James's Swift wandered, meditating wild schemes of ambition, and sighed the next moment for the willows and the pale companion at Laracor. Prior strode swiftly by, and in the faint moonlight each lonely alley teems with the great shades of the past. But the unstudied beauties of the London parks deserve more than a careless notice from our landscape gardeners. What the denizens of a large city require is the contrast of pure nature and an intense though artificial solitude.

The great city abounds in free and perhaps instructive amusements, and immense sums have been lavished in providing galleries of rare pictures and museums of mediæval and classical antiquities. It would probably have been wiser if a portion of this large outlay had been expended in the more useful branches of education, but in London one may wander almost incessantly amidst the rarest sculptures torn from the ruins of Greek temples, and pictures of artists renowned through all ages. The British Museum is laden with the spoils of Ephesus and Athens, Nineveh and Thebes. Among the most recent of its acquisitions are the discolored fragments of the mausoleum of Artemisia, a wheel of the gigantic chariot, and an almost complete restoration of one of the enormous horses, that crowned the pyramid of Scopas and of Halicarnassus. The statue of the beautiful King Mausolus, for whom Artemisia mourned, stands beside his monument; and the devotion of the classic queen may find a parallel in the profuse tributes with which the memory of Prince Albert is perpetuated every where in sculpture and architecture through the British realm. The immortality of Scopas, for which alone, we are assured by his contemporaries, he labored, has been ascertained by the discoveries of Mr. Newton; his frieze, his Mausolus, his gigantic steed, and his animated lions, might at least excite the envy of a Landseer or a Gibson. Yet if the moderns can not rival the Greeks in the imitative arts, they may surpass them in many that are more useful. Of the autographs of the British Museum the most ancient are often the most legible. King Edward VI. wrote in a clear round hand, Queen Elizabeth in imperious caligraphy, and Lady Jane Grey in soft free letters that rival the purity of a mediæval manuscript. By their side is the obscure yet firm and careful handwriting of the purblind Johnson, the sharp outlines of Pope, and the rapid and impenetrable wanderings of Macaulay's hand. It seems that kings and princesses might have won their livings as writing-masters where the lords of the pen must have failed. In Kensington Museum all the wonders of the mediæval arts are carefully arranged, and the National Gallery is full of shapes of beauty. Poussins and Claudes, Raphaels and Michael Angelos, contend on the same walls with misty Turners and graceful Landseers. The British public can not complain that its government has not exercised a paternal interference in leading it to a study of the beautiful.

Wandering through the crowds of London one often meets a procession of children clothed in antiquated garb, and belonging to some of the numerous charitable establishments that form the boast of the metropolis. Well-meaning citizens, sometimes from a natural liberality, and sometimes from less perfect motives, have filled the city from age to age with liberal endowments for free schools and endless hospitals and asylums. Conservative Londoners value themselves upon the liberality of the past. Over the doors of these institutions is inscribed, "Supported by voluntary contributions." Boxes are provided in public places in which the charitable may drop a few shillings or pence. Annually an assembly of charity children is gathered at St. Paul's, where all are excluded who do not wear the badges of their order. The charms of voluntary beneficence are enlarged upon in sermons and lectures, and conservative deans and vicars insist that no city in the world is so benevolent as their own. Recent inquiries, however, have thrown doubt upon these labors of beneficence. Enough money is annually devoted to charity to maintain, one might suppose, all the needy of London. It is stated that more than $30,000,000 are given away each year. But of this immense sum a large proportion is said to find its way to managers and trustees, and the children of the poor wander neglected and homeless through the streets. The system of voluntary charity in London has wholly failed. The government has at last interposed to open schools for the children of the poor, and to correct the abuses that flow from the dishonesty of selfish guardians.

From the busy Strand a narrow gateway opens into one of the most famous of London scenes. In the twelfth century the Knights Templars were renowned through Christendom as the champions of the Cross and the succor of needy pilgrims. The mail-clad knights clove without scruple the painim hosts with their sharpest steel, and ministered tenderly to the temporal wants of Jerusalem. As they outlived their early rigors, the donations of kings and nobles and the growth of their landed possessions made them enormously rich. Instead of ministering to the poor, or crossing lances with the descendants of the foes of Baldwin and Tancred, the Templars built them fair palaces in the peaceful West, and lived in an opulent splendor that was said to be attended by the grossest indulgences. Their enemies at least covered the haughty and perhaps guilty knights with ceaseless accusations. A doom fell upon the Templars more dreadful than has ever befallen any monastic order. They were tortured and racked in strange sufferings; their guilt was declared; their property confiscated in every land; they perished almost in a moment in the midst of their wide alliances and boundless power. In the Temple Church, at the side of the Strand, lie the faint traces of their former magnificence. In the thirteenth century the chief seat of the order in England was amidst the soft landscape on the banks of the Thames, in the outskirts of London. Their magnificent palaces overlooked the river, and a church, rich with marble and tracery, arose on its banks in imitation of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It still in part survives. Columns of the rarest marble, rich sculpture, and solemn inscriptions record the grandeur of an order that perished six centuries ago. The lands and property of the knights came, after some changes, into the hands of the lawyers and law students of the Inns of Court. They have borrowed the name and some of the habits of the Templars. Festivities, masks, and revels have graced the rich banqueting-room of the Middle Temple that would have done no discredit to the barbarous splendors of their knightly predecessors. Within its walls Shakspeare's *Twelfth-Night* was first performed before a riotous audience.* The chapel or church has been repaired and embellished at a large expense, the robed lawyers have grown rich by the plunder of the knights of the Temple, their gardens and their palaces again overlook the modern river, and their various privileges excite the envy of the less fortunate throngs. Under the circular roof of the ancient church lie the effigies of nine Knights Templars, of costly workmanship, their arms and sometimes their legs crossed in memory of the crucifix, their rich robes and crimson cape, imitated in marble, now blackened with age, and their stony eyes gazing coldly upon their modern spoilers. It is six centuries since the originals of the curious group passed away, perhaps in the groves of the Temple. In six centuries their names are lost in gloom. The walls of the church are covered with inscriptions in honor of famous lawyers now scarcely better known than the knights, their predecessors. A Plowden and a Bois de Guilbert sleep uselessly side by side, nor does curiosity desire to disturb their repose. But upon one tomb, standing apart in the church-yard of the Temple, and covered with a mossy stone, is written one of those names that the world will not suffer to be lost. For several years, at the close of his varied career, Oliver Goldsmith was an occupant of one of the chambers of the Temple. It has indeed been a constant haunt of literary men. Addison wrote here, on a small table covered with a green cloth and copious blots of ink (now preserved at Holland House), many of his essays. Johnson lived in the Temple for four years. Burke and Mackintosh, I think, and certainly Macaulay, were tenants of these memorable halls. But Goldsmith alone has found here his resting-place. He could not have written much that was of real value in the Temple. He had made large sums of money, which he squandered lavishly in fine furniture and dress, velvet coats and deeds of charity. His elegant chambers were the scene of noisy revelry. He grew irrecoverably in debt; his mind might well be "ill at ease;" yet his life can scarcely be considered unfortunate, when he died attended by universal love and admiration, the benefactor of endless generations. We gathered a few withered leaves and green mosses from the sacred spot. Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A number of the engineers on the Pennsylvania Central and other Western railways are on a strike against a reduction of wages, and as a consequence many tons of freight are lying on the tracks at different points. The passenger trains were only temporarily impeded. Several acts of violence are reported, and the militia had to be called out in Ohio.

The slope of the Burnside Colliery at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, caved in December 27, killing one of the miners and injuring two others.

Governor Dix has ordered an election for January 20, to fill the place of the runaway Genet, whose seat in the Assembly is vacated by his conviction.

The 102 survivors of the *Virginius's* crew reached this city December 28, where they were released from custody. Many of them were still suffering from the inhuman treatment they received at Santiago de Cuba.

The Virginia Legislature convened at Richmond on the 1st inst. In his message Governor Kemper expressed himself in favor of the United States government assuming the debt of the State, and recommended economy in expenditures and increased facilities for intending immigrants.

The newly elected officers of the city government whose terms of office began on January 1 are: Sheriff, William C. Conner; County Clerk, William Walsh; Alderman, Edward Gilon; Justices of the Supreme Court, Abraham R. Lawrence and Charles Donohue; Justices of the Superior Court, Claudius L. Monell and Gilbert M. Speir; Justices of the Marine Court, David M'Adam and Henry Alker; Coroners, Henry Woltman, Richard Croker, and Anthony Eickhoff.

The British steam-ship *International*, Captain Hayward, which arrived at this port on the 1st inst. from London, brought 614 miles of torpedo cable, weighing 750 tons, and a number of torpedoes, ordered by the government, and designed for harbor and coast defense. She also brought a number of electric batteries, to connect with the torpedoes from the shore. The cable and torpedoes (the latter uncharged) were manufactured by the India Rubber Company, of London, under an order given some six months ago.

General Isaac Van Etten died of disease of the heart in St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 29th ult.

The steamers *Plymouth Rock*, *Jesse Hoyt*, and *Fall River* were sold by the United States Marshal, under orders of the court, on the 2d inst. The first-named vessel brought $41,500; the second, $29,500; and the third, $7800.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Another change has occurred in the government of Spain. On the 2d inst. President Castelar presented a message to the Cortes, and on the day following the government was twice defeated by the vote of that body, the last time by a majority of twenty. General Pavia at once summoned the Cortes to dissolve, and upon a failure to comply with the request, he caused possession to be taken of the place of meeting by a body of soldiers. He then took up a position outside, with cannon pointed at the building. Señor Castelar refused to continue in office, and General Pavia called a meeting of men of all parties, excluding Carlists and Intransigentes, to form a new government. The result was the selection of a new ministry, as follows: Marshal Serrano, President; Sagasta, Foreign Affairs; Zavala, War; Figuerola, Justice; Becerra, Agriculture; Echegarray, Finance; Garcia Ruiz, Interior; Topete, Marine. Later in the day a decree was promulgated appointing Serrano Chief of the Executive Power. The chief civil and military authorities of nearly all the provinces in communication with Madrid have telegraphed to General Pavia approval of his conduct. No disturbance is reported in any quarter. The transmission of private telegrams has been temporarily suspended.

A Spanish prize-court sitting in Havana has condemned the *Virginius* as a lawful prize. The return of the ill-fated vessel to the Spaniards is rendered exceedingly doubtful, however, by the fact that she now lies at the bottom of the ocean. On her homeward voyage from the Dry Tortugas, in tow of the United States sloop of war *Ossipee*, her boilers gave out, and, leaking badly, she sank off Cape Fear, in eight fathoms of water, on the afternoon of December 26. Fortunately all her crew were rescued.—General Burriel has been removed, for having, in a recent proclamation, attacked the existing administration of Spain.—The Spanish government has not only refused to accept the resignation of Captain-General Jovellar, but has clothed him with extended and extraordinary powers.

François Hugo, whose death was announced by cable recently, was buried December 28. The funeral oration was delivered by Louis Blanc.

The French National Assembly has voted to raise 80,000,000 francs by additional taxation.

Six more French Communists have been condemned to death.

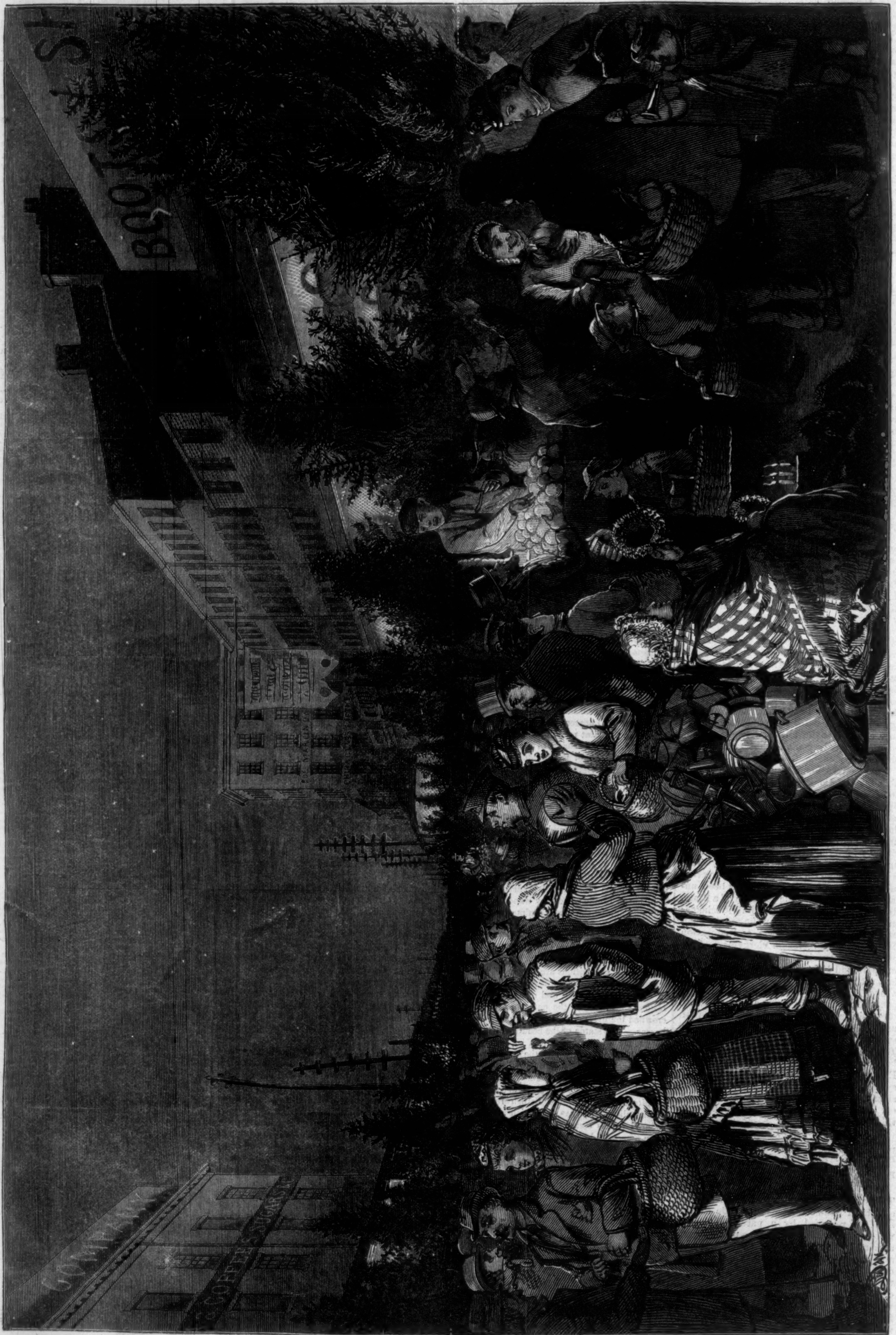
The office of *Lloyd's Weekly London News* was destroyed by fire December 29.

The treaty between Russia and Bokhara is published. Bokhara agrees to abolish slavery, in return for the gift of the Khivan territory on the right bank of the Amu-Daria River. This action is said to be directly due to the exertions of Secretary Schuyler and all the members of the American legation at St. Petersburg.

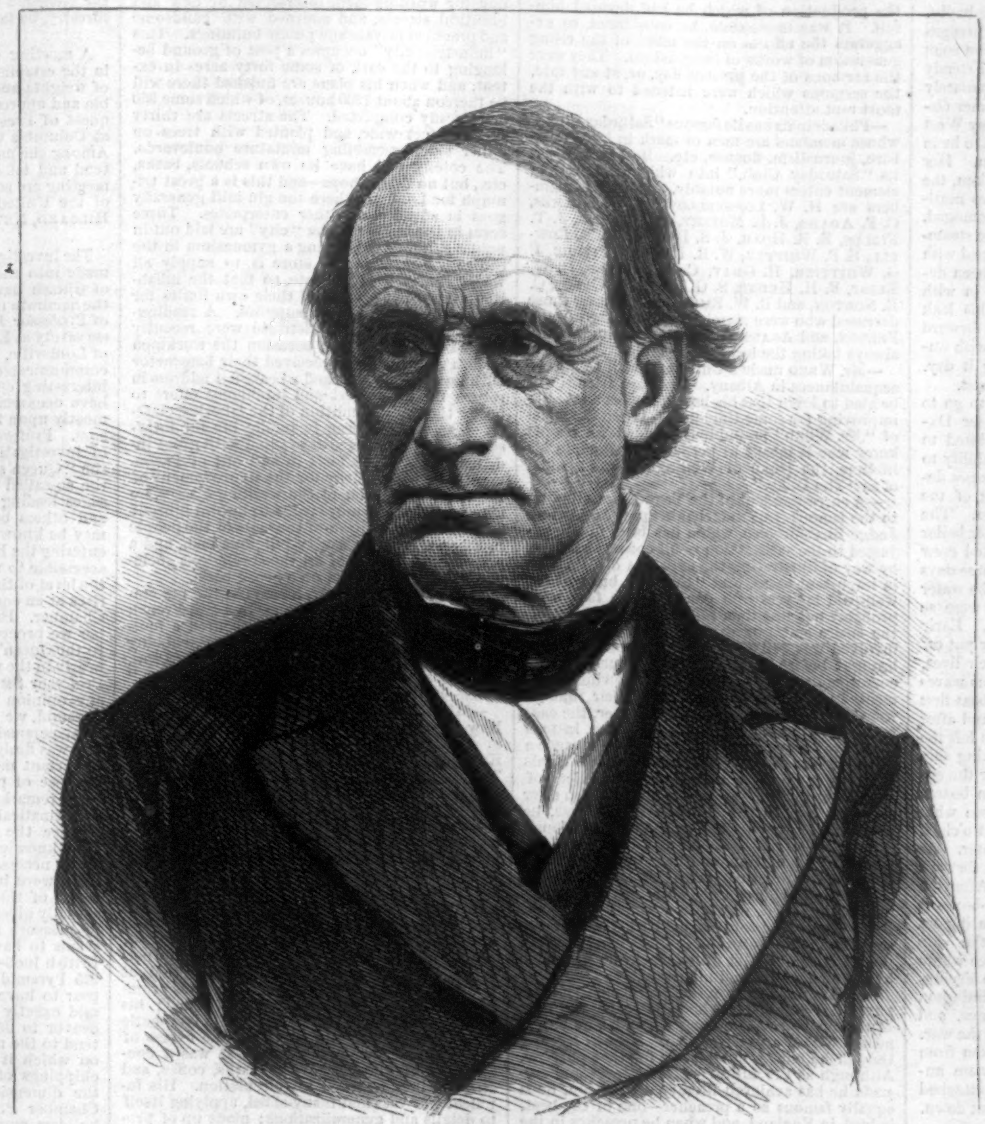
The Canadian Parliament has been dissolved. Writs for a new election will be issued soon.

The English court of investigation of the *Ville du Havre* disaster has unanimously decided that Captain Robertson, of the *Loch Earn*, was blameless. Mr. Butt, on behalf of the English vessel, argued that the *Ville du Havre* was to blame, but the negligence in the steamer was probably due to the continuous watch kept the three previous foggy days. Application was made for an adjournment of the proceedings until the French witnesses could attend, but it was subsequently withdrawn. On the other hand, a French admiralty court has declared that the *Loch Earn* was responsible for the disaster, and the *Ville du Havre* without fault.

Mr. Eliot Yorke, a conservative, has been returned to Parliament from Cambridgeshire without opposition.


BOOTS & SH
COFFEE, SUGARS, &C.
COMPANY

HOLIDAY GREENS—A SCENE IN WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 59.]



THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.—[From a Photograph by A. Gardner, Washington, D.C.]

THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.

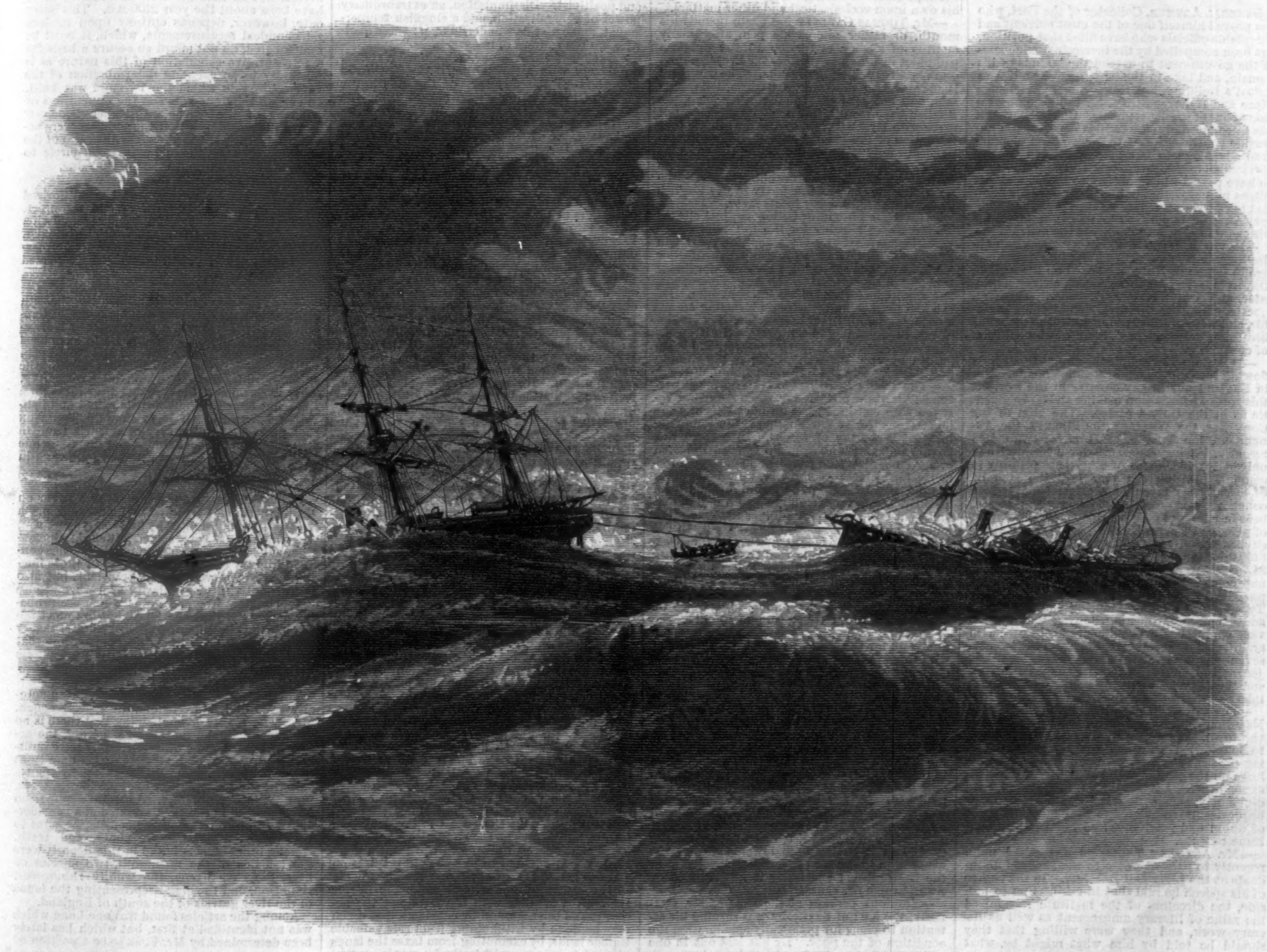
This gentleman, whose appointment as United States minister to Spain is discussed on our editorial page, was born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1800. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, commencing practice at Newburyport. His political career began in 1825, when he was elected a Representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return, two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and one on the French revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 was elected from the Essex North district of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig party until President Tyler came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic party. Failing to be confirmed in 1843 as Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President Tyler, he was sent as commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that empire. Mr. Cushing warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became Colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made Brigadier-General. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated.

In 1850 Mr. Cushing represented Newburyport for the sixth time in the Legislature of his native State, and was active in opposing the election of Mr. Sumner as United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free-soil and Democratic parties. After being two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney-General by President Pierce in 1853, and held that position four years, dealing with questions of great gravity and complexity. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858, and 1859.

Mr. Cushing presided over the Democratic Convention held in Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during the eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on one or two occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866 President Johnson, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. During the present Administration he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva, and acquired great fame by the able manner in which he conducted his cause to a successful issue. On his return he published a history of that tribunal, which was favorably received. Besides his public duties, Mr. Cushing has long enjoyed extensive practice as a lawyer, holding briefs in the most important cases coming before the Supreme Court of the United States. His counsel has been sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations.

THE LOSS OF THE "VIRGINIUS."

We give on this page a sketch of the transfer of the crew of the *Virginius* to the *Ossipee*, a short time previous to the foundering of that ill-omened ship, in the gale of December 26, near the entrance to Wilmington Harbor. The story of her last voyage may be briefly told. Immediately after her surrender the *Virginius* proceeded from Bahia Honda to the Dry Tortugas, under convoy of the *Despatch*. Even at the time of her departure from Bahia Honda all her sections below



THE LOST "VIRGINIUS"—TRANSFER OF THE CREW TO THE "OSSIPEE."

contained water, and she continued leaking badly. By the time she had reached the Dry Tortugas the fires were nearly extinguished, and were soon after entirely quenched by the rapid and steady influx of water. Workmen were immediately sent on board from the United States steamer *Ossipee*, which had been dispatched from Key West to receive her. The *Virginius* was found to be in a most thoroughly dilapidated condition. Her hatches were removed, the sky-lights broken, the companion-ways shattered, the compasses mutilated, and the furniture overturned and damaged. Every thing was ruined. In the bow of the steamer was a large leak, which had been stopped with hydraulic cement. This, however, had been detached, and allowed the water to rush in with great rapidity. The iron-work near this leak had become somewhat corroded. The forward compartment was nearly one-third filled with water, and there was no way of pumping it dry. Bailing seemed not to reduce it in the least.

On the 19th she was pronounced fit to go to sea, and although Lieutenant-Commander David C. Woodrow, who had been appointed to take charge of her, was doubtful of her ability to make the voyage, the captain of the *Ossipee* determined to proceed. On the evening of the 25th the *Virginius* became unmanageable. The water was up to within a few inches of her boiler fires, and gaining slowly. Her exhausted crew then determined to abandon her. For three days previously they had been working with the water up to their knees, and many of them were so worn out as to be hardly able to stand. Early on the morning of the 26th a boat's crew put off from the *Ossipee*, and, at the risk of their lives, gallantly rowed through the mountainous waves to the rescue of their shipmates. The boat first took off the landsmen, then the sailors, and after all the others were in safety the officers left the *Virginius*. The last boat left the sinking ship at 8.30 A.M. The *Ossipee* hove to after the entire crew of the *Virginius* was safely on board, and remained in the neighborhood to see what became of the vessel. At a little after 4 o'clock P.M. she began to settle down in the water. At first she went down by the head, her forward compartments being stove and open. After the water had reached to above the paddle-boxes it rushed backward into the cabin, and, tearing out the compartment partitions, carried the ship down on an almost even keel. The place where she sank is in the shelter formed by the Frying-pan Shoals, near the entrance to Wilmington Harbor. The shoals form a breakwater, and often gave shelter to blockade-runners in the war. No papers of any description were taken from the sinking steamer. It is said there were important documents on board. A barrel attached to a hawser marks the spot where she went down.

PERSONAL.

General Arthur, Collector of the Port, who has proved himself one of the most efficient and acceptable officials who have filled that position, has been compelled by the increasing exigencies of the government to extend the bounds of his domain, and take in the large edifice known as "Post's Building," at the corner of Exchange Place and Hanover Street, for the accommodation of one of the departments. General Arthur has introduced into the various departments under his control reforms that have been of practical advantage to our merchants, and equally serviceable to the government. The time seems to have passed when political roughs can extort places in the Custom-house as a reward for fraud and trickery at caucuses and the polls, and General Arthur is entitled to public approval for his share in efforts to eradicate the evil.

—David M. Hall was in every respect an objectionable person. They hung him a few days ago in Belmont, Nevada. When on the scaffold David M. asked for three cheers, a cigar, a minister, and a late New York paper. These requests, excepting the first, were deemed laudable, and were gratified; after which, so far as his breathing was concerned, there was "a solution of continuity."

—It is almost incredible the sum that is yearly flowing into our colleges as endowments. Not in England nor in any country in the world is this sort of benefaction making strides so gigantic as in the United States. The gifts of the Cornells, the Wellses, the Sibleys, the Andersons, the Tuffts, of Hopkins (who died recently, leaving $4,000,000 for a hospital and university), and scores of others, are princely in amount. During the year 1872 the sum of $4,493,000 was given or pledged to American colleges by various individuals. The largest beneficiaries were Yale College, to the extent of $196,284; Harvard, $158,075; Cornell University, $185,000; and Wells College for Women, $100,000. In the Eastern and Middle States $1,767,800 were devoted to the construction of new college buildings, and $863,000 for the same purpose in the Western and Southern States. Twenty-seven colleges during the same time added new departments, showing that the advance in intellectual equipment keeps pace with architectural accommodations. The twenty-seven new departments embrace law, medicine, journalism, meteorology, telegraphy, chemistry, and theology. Twenty-six colleges have added thirty-two new professorships.

—The will of an eccentric citizen of Cornish, New Hampshire, who made a bequest of $1000 to the town, the interest to be expended in flags, to be unfurled in various parts of the town during pleasant weather, has been contested by his heirs on the ground that it provides for a useless expenditure. Judge Foster, of Concord, held differently, considering it to be a very proper bequest—one calculated to keep alive the spirit of union and patriotism: so the flags will continue to wave.

—Mr. Anthony Trollope was called upon recently to present prizes to the successful students at the Liverpool Institute. In the course of his speech he said that in asking him to preside, the directors of the institute recognized the value of literary amusement as well as literary work, and they were willing that they should be told by him what might be, what should be, the results of such works as those to the production of which he had devoted himself. It was impossible, he considered, to exaggerate the effects on the mind of the rising generation of works of imagination. They were the sermons of the present day, or, at any rate, the sermons which were listened to with the most rapt attention.

—Philadelphia has its famous "Saturday Club," whose members are men of mark in law, literature, journalism, finance, etc. Boston also has its "Saturday Club," into which the writing element enters more notably. Among its members are H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, C. F. Adams, J. L. Motley, R. H. Dana, J. T. Fields, E. R. Hoar, J. S. Dwight, J. R. Lowell, E. P. Whipple, W. R. Hunt, B. Pierce, J. G. Whittier, H. Gray, C. P. Perkins, C. W. Eliot, F. H. Hedge, S. G. Howe, E. Cabot, C. E. Norton, and R. W. Emerson. Among those deceased who were members were Hawthorne, Felton, and Agassiz, the latter during his life always taking the head of the table.

—Mr. Weed made a Christmas visit to his old acquaintances in Albany. His many friends will be glad to learn that his health has been steadily improving for some time past. When the name of "*Mr.* Weed" is publicly alluded to, people know who is meant as perfectly as when, in his lifetime, the Duke of Wellington was spoken of as "The Duke."

—A correspondent of the Troy *Times*, alluding to the famous Grinnell bankruptcy case before Judge Blatchford, which has been finally adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned, says, by way of illustrating the expenses of litigation in important cases, that "this case brought six well-paid lawyers into court, whose fees were probably not less than $10,000, and the cost of the entire suit probably $50,000. The amount involved was $12,000,000—the largest sum ever brought before our bankruptcy courts." The correspondent then makes the following statement: "Our best lawyers value their time at from $40 to $50 per hour. If, however, the case be one where $500,000 is at stake, then, instead of a mere $50, you will be expected to advance a retaining fee of $500, or perhaps $1000. This prevents any one from securing the services of the lawyer thus retained. If a lawyer, even after receiving such a fee, should win the case, he will expect from $10,000 to $15,000 additional. Our great lawyers demand pay commensurate with their reputation, and hence some of them can boast a practice worth $50,000 per year. O'Conor, previous to his retirement, made annually, it is said, nearly four times that sum. Indeed, he was probably paid $200,000 for his services in the Jumel case. He is now worth more than $1,000,000, all of which he has made by his own genius and industry."

—Charles Kingsley, or Rev. "Canon" Kingsley, of Westminster Abbey, is to be the next European celebrity among us, and may be expected within a week or two. He will lecture, though he comes not mainly for that purpose. Although as the author of *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia* he has achieved literary distinction, he is equally famous as a preacher—one of the best, indeed, in England, and when he preaches in the Abbey, attracts large audiences. He is one of the chaplains in ordinary to the Queen, and has the reputation of having a very decided will of his own upon ecclesiastical and other matters.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle has again opened his mouth, or rather nibbed his pen, after many months of silence, and given to the public a pamphlet in which he justifies the Prussian government in expelling the Jesuits. The pamphlet is addressed to the King of Bavaria, who, it is said, will not read it. On the other hand, the English have read it, but many of them do not agree with Mr. Carlyle, taking the ground that the action of Prussia was unjust, because it punished not only without convicting the sufferers of any offense, but without even charging them with any. The English Catholics oppose Bismarck, while the great majority of the English Protestants are strongly in his favor.

—Governor Booth, of California, just elected United States Senator for the full term of six years, is described by a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, in a letter to a gentleman of New York, as in many respects a very extraordinary man: "Educated to the bar, he turned merchant, and acquired a fortune in business pursuits. He is a fine speaker, and whether addressing an audience on political or literary matters is eloquent, thoughtful, and scholarly. He is an ardent advocate of civil service reform, and is regarded by very Western people as the coming political leader in the war upon monopolies."

—The Boston *Transcript* has this curious "personal:" "At the present day, when comparatively few sons continue through life to occupy the houses erected by their fathers, the following incident is worthy of record. In a town not twenty miles distant from Boston, on the 27th of November last, the family of a gentleman formerly in business in our city, now residing in the old homestead on the farm inherited from his ancestors, sat down to the two hundred and nineteenth Thanksgiving dinner at which the household of some member of his family in the direct male line, for eight generations, had assembled under the same roof-tree. The house was built in 1654, and though it has since been frequently repaired and enlarged, the old frame and rafters still remain. Probably not many cases of such an uninterrupted annual observance of our New England festival can be found."

—General William O. Butler, who was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Cass, has done a nice thing in his old age by accepting the presidency of the Carroll County (Kentucky) Bible Society.

—In Lord William Lennox's *Recollections* is a paragraph about usury, in which he says: "Usury was forbidden by Parliament in 1341. Two shillings per week were given for a loan of £20 in 1260—about twenty-five per cent. Until the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and punished. In the reign of Henry VIII. interest was fixed at ten per cent. This was repealed by Edward VI., but re-enacted by Elizabeth. The statute of James I. reduced it to eight per cent., and it having been lowered during the usurpation to six per cent, was re-enacted after the Restoration; and lastly it was reduced by Anne to five per cent."

—Emulous perhaps of the fame of Mr. Peabody, the Earl of Shaftesbury is turning his attention to plans for practically ameliorating the condition of the poor. He has laid out in one of the southern suburbs of London a large colony for working-men, intersected by new and beautiful streets, and adorned with handsome and practical private and public buildings. This "industrial city" occupies a plot of ground belonging to the earl, of some forty acres in extent, and when his plans are finished there will be thereon about 1200 houses, of which some 350 are already completed. The streets are thirty or forty feet wide, and planted with trees on either side, resembling miniature boulevards. The colony will have its own schools, baths, etc., but no dram-shops—and this is a great triumph for London, where the gin-mill generally goes in advance of other enterprises. Three acres in the middle of the "city" are laid out in public gardens, containing a gymnasium in the centre. A co-operative store is to supply all wants at a mere living rate, so that the inhabitants need not go out of their own limits for their ordinary household supplies. A reading-room and mechanics' institute were recently opened there, on which occasion the workmen made a gala time, and received their benefactor with hearty welcomes and a heart-felt address in return for his honest and intelligent effort to better the social condition of the laboring classes. The earl has been in public life for forty-seven years, and has always acted with great independence. His efforts in and out of Parliament have been chiefly for the improvement of the social condition of the working classes, no man having taken more pains to inform himself of the actual condition of the mass of the people in England. He is a very religious man, and a prominent member of all those religious societies which are founded on a broad basis.

—A *mot* of the late Dr. Nélaton, the pre-eminent surgeon of France, comes in a late French paper. After homeopathy had secured a foothold in France a doctor of that school, rubbing his hands with exultation, said to Nélaton, "You see, we are gaining ground every day." "Yes—in the cemeteries," added Nélaton.

—Mr. Thomas P. Ramsdell, of Newburgh, New York, has done a nice and pleasant thing in sending to the Central Park a fine pair of Kerry cattle, imported by him from Ireland. The bull, "Paddy," and cow, "Kathleen," are respectively four and five years old, and are the smallest pair of cattle of their age in America.

—Some one in the *Temple Bar* magazine, with a taste for ferreting out things, has commenced at the first Napoleon, who was, he says, "neither dark nor fair. He had dark chestnut hair, eyes gray, complexion of a pale brown, without any red in it, and a smooth skin. The brain was large; the skull belonged to the largest development ever known. His circulation was slow, the pulse counting forty beats a minute; he perspired little, and was insensible alike to heat and cold, hunger and thirst; his chest was prominent, and his limbs well proportioned; his height was five feet two inches. Of a lymphatic temperament, he could support alike excess of physical and mental exertion. It was a constitution of granite. Warm baths, coffee, and strong wines restored his circulation. His intellect was vast and many-sided, applying itself to details and generalizations; made up of prodigious memory, that rapidly took account of place, number, and cause, and the bearings of things; a genius, in fine, eminently practical and positivist. Dissimulation, an extraordinary power of generalization, and a sluggish temperament, make up this wonderful man: these qualities are the sources of his greatness."

—Jefferson Davis once concluded a speech on slavery with a threat that if the North did not yield to the demands of the South, the States of that section would depart "like the ten tribes of Israel;" whereupon the late John P. Hale sprang to his feet, and in his full, rich voice said, "And what became of the ten tribes of Israel? Dispersed, scattered, lost, and no one knows what became of them; but the ark of the covenant of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah."

—A more striking instance of the vicissitudes of fortune could scarcely be imagined than that which may be seen any day in the streets of Prague, the capital of Bohemia. It is that of an old, slender, poorly dressed man, who walks in a painful shuffling manner, and halts frequently to take breath. He is very solitary, and few speak to him. Many regard him curiously, but only the beggars approach him. He is a forgotten emperor. He has ruled one of the oldest and most powerful nations in the Old World. In 1834 he ascended the throne of the proud Hapsburgs as the Emperor Ferdinand, and had for his Prime Minister the subtle and cruel Metternich. He reigned, but did not rule. Metternich attended to state affairs, while the king, whose intellect is not of the brightest, made, like Louis XVII., a workshop of his palace. The one was a first-rate locksmith, but a poor king; the other, the shadow of an emperor, but a most excellent cabinet-maker. Such are the pranks that the accident of birth sometimes plays. Poor old Ferdinand was deposed on the revolution of March, 1848, and retired to Prague, where, unremembered even by his family, he lives a solitary and abstemious life.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor F. B. Hough, who for many years has been meteorologist to the State of New York, has presented a valuable paper on the duty of governments in aiding in the preservation of woodlands. Professor Hough states that the extensive data at his command, although they reveal great irregularities in the rain or snow fall of any given locality, do not justify us in supposing that in the general average of periods the amount is sensibly increasing or diminishing, although they do show a tendency to drought in some cases for a series of years together. This growing tendency to floods and droughts he ascribes directly to the clearing up of woodlands, by which the rains quickly find their way to the streams, and swell them into destructive floods. The various considerations presented by Professor Hough show how difficult a problem it is to increase the extent of the American forests, but he says he has confidence in the ability of the American people to work out a practical system adapted to our social organization and our general theory of law. We must begin at the centre of power, and make the people themselves familiar with the facts and the necessities of the case, and he considers that much may be done by withholding from sale valuable timber lands, by exempting from taxes the lands planted for timber, and lastly, by requiring that the elements of science, so far as they apply to forestry, be taught in the public schools.

A meeting of scientific gentlemen interested in the establishment of an international system of weights and measures, that shall be intelligible and appreciable by all, was called, at the request of President F. A. P. Barnard, to meet at Columbia College on the 30th of December. Among the names mentioned as expected to attend and take part in the proceedings of this meeting are some of the most eminent scientists of the United States, such as Henry, Guyot, Hilgard, Newton, Dana, Alexander, etc.

The investigations that have of late years been made into the mysteries of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh have received a great impetus from the accurate measurements and studious labors of Professor Piazzi Smyth, director of the observatory at Edinburgh. Professor H. L. Smith, of Louisville, has also taken up the subject, and communicated to the *Journal of Science* many interesting comparisons and coincidences that have occurred to him, his reports being based mostly upon the measurements of his predecessors. Professor Smith has opened a new path of investigation in giving special attention to the "Queen's Chamber," as distinguished from the so-called "King's Chamber" and the passages leading thereto, on which Piazzi Smyth and others bestowed most of their study. It may be known to some of our readers that on entering the Pyramid, at the opening most easily accessible to visitors, one passes down nearly to the level of the base of the monument, and then rises at an equal angle to the level of the King's Chamber. Half-way up the ascent to this chamber we proceed along a horizontal passage-way to the Queen's Chamber, which is situated more nearly in the very heart of the structure. While Professor Smith is very cautious in expressing any opinion as to the original design of the Pyramid, we may safely conclude that he is almost persuaded to believe that the Great Pyramid was designed for the preservation of certain important metrological standards, and for the purpose of perpetuating in stone to all time some remarkable astronomical truths and high mathematical calculations. As to the source whence the builders of the Pyramid derived their knowledge we can only speculate; yet it seems necessary to admit the fact that they actually were in possession of it, whether as the result of their own unaided investigations, or actually given to them by inspiration. The unit of measure adopted by the Pyramid builders seems to have differed but very little from the British inch—926 British inches being equal to 925 Pyramid inches. The ancient builders appear to have endeavored to establish the Pyramid exactly in latitude 30°; and in their endeavor to do so have found it necessary to extend to the northward the boundary of the hill on which it was established, having used the chippings of the stones for this purpose. In the dimensions and position of the Queen's Chamber Professor Smith concludes that the builders employed the star *Alpha Draconis*, and *Eta Tauri*, the brightest star of the Pleiades, as the starting-point in their astronomical measurements, and that the time of building must have been about the year 2100 B.C. This latter date, however, depends entirely upon modern astronomical measurements, which, it must be remembered, do not afford so secure a basis for a retrospective calculation of this nature as is necessary to an accurate determination of the very century in which the Pyramid was built. In certain relations between the dimensions of portions of the Queen's Chamber Professor Smith finds evidence that the builders were acquainted with what is known as the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle to within the one-millionth part of its value.

The Paraguayan government has authorized an exploration of its territory and resources, and for the purpose has appointed a commission consisting of Mr. Charles Twite, geologist, Mr. Balzana, botanist, and Mr. Keith Johnston, geographer. Their first report is expected by October, 1874.

Ocean Highways announces the death, the 29th of April last, on the Nova Zembla coast, of Captain Sivert Tobiesen, a distinguished Norwegian arctic explorer. He appears to have been one of the unfortunate crew of the Norwegian vessels which were beset in the ice near the Birch Islands, most of whom died of scurvy. They lived on seal blubber and bear meat for a time, but later had only a little salted and half-rotten bear flesh. It is to Captain Tobiesen that we owe the discovery of Wiche's Land in 1871, when he reached almost the same latitude near Spitzbergen as that attained by Payer in the same year.

Professor Whittlesey has given a paper on the fluctuation of the level of Lake Superior—a subject specially studied by him many years ago, and which has as yet received but slight elucidation. In his present communication he has confined himself to the consideration of those fluctuations which are not only transient, but also occurring with the regularity of a wave—those low pendulum-like pulsations which are probably common to all the lakes, but are most noticeable in Lake Superior. Until a better theory can be found, he adopts the explanation that these undulations are caused by atmospheric movements.

There has been a question whether man actually lived in Europe before the glacial epoch, Mr. A. R. Wallace contending that there is no evidence of it, and that, even if he did, the action of the ice sheet would probably have obliterated all record of his existence. Some light has been thrown upon this problem by the results of the examination of the Victoria Cave, near Settle, in Yorkshire. A careful exploration of a bone bed in the cave, situated at a considerable depth below the other deposits, brought to view hyena dung, broken bones, and teeth. Among other objects found in this deposit were the remains of the mammoth, two species of bear, the cave hyena, the woolly rhinoceros, the bison, and the stag—representing the fauna of the river gravels of the south of England.

Among the articles found was one bone which was not identified at first, but which has lately been determined by Mr. Busk to be a portion of an unusually clumsy human fibula, similar to the same bone in the Mentone skeleton. There appears to be no question of the contemporaneity of this bone with those just mentioned. The most interesting point connected with this discovery, however, is the fact that the edge of the bed containing the human bone and those of the other mammalia named is overlaid by a bed of stiff glacial clay containing ice-scratched boulders. This is covered by a great thickness of talus from the superincumbent cliffs, which itself has been accumulating for a very long period of time. This clay is probably the remains of a lateral moraine left by a glacier or ice sheet, which would show that the remains of the older mammals and of man are of an age anterior to the great ice sheet of the Irish Sea basin. The complete absence over co-extensive areas in the north of Europe of the paleolithic implements occurring in the south seems to indicate the removal of paleolithic man from those areas by the ice sheet, and appears to carry the period back anterior to the ice sheet—that is, to interglacial, if not preglacial, times.

As a matter of interest in relation to deep-sea explorations, we learn that the sounding-lines used by the *Challenger* have proved to be extremely efficient—indeed, far superior to those previously employed for the purpose. These are composed of the best Italian hemp, which, when made up, has but few protruding ends of fibres, and these are well rubbed down with bees-wax and sweet-oil in equal proportions. The advantage of this preparation may be seen from the fact that there is a difference of seventeen to twenty per cent. in the time of going down in favor of those which are so treated.

The number of threads also is somewhat greater. Thus the ordinary deep-sea line heretofore used by the London Admiralty has about eighteen threads, and weighs twenty-three pounds fourteen ounces to the hundred fathoms, with a circumference of 1.065 of an inch, the breaking strain being 630 pounds. The new line has twenty-seven threads, with a weight of eighteen pounds nine ounces per hundred fathoms, with a circumference of one inch, and a breaking strain, when wet, of 1559 pounds. The new medium line of eighteen threads weighs twelve pounds eight ounces to the hundred fathoms, with a circumference of 0.8 of an inch, and has a breaking strain, when wet, of 1211 pounds.

The new cod line, weighing six pounds four ounces per hundred fathoms, has a breaking strain of 777 pounds instead of 252 pounds, as in the ordinary line. Thus with a decrease of fifteen per cent. in weight of material used an increase of strength has been gained of between 100 and 200 per cent.

In connection with the question of the possible injury to ocean cables by the action of submarine animals, to which we have already called attention in our pages, it is stated that when the French Atlantic cable, laid in 1869, was lately raised at one point for repairs about 112 miles west of Brest, it was found perforated by small boring mollusks, apparently of the genus *Xylophaga*. The outer covering of the cable consisted of tarred Manilla hemp, and was bored occasionally by round holes, in which their shells were found. In some places they had passed through the outer covering, and between the iron wires to the gutta-percha core, and in some instances they had actually made numerous shallow indentations, and laid bare the wire. Wherever examined the cable was found covered by adhering masses of bryozoa, etc., which, however, appeared to produce no injury.

The success of Professor G. W. HOUGH, of the Dudley Observatory, in constructing self-recording barometers and thermometers, lends additional interest to his announcement of the successful construction of an automatic evapometer and rain-gauge. The apparatus consists of a vessel two feet square and one foot deep, suspended on levers, and held in equilibrium by a small spring, the amount of change in the weight of the mass, either from rain-fall or evaporation, being indicated on the scales of a delicate balance. In order to secure the mechanical record of the hourly variations in the weight of the vessel and of its contents, the professor causes the lever to vibrate between two platinum points so placed that whenever a change in the weight of the vessel by a given amount (say ten grains) takes place a magnetic circuit will be established, passing through an electro-magnet. A micrometer screw will then be operated by means of clock-work, thereby tracing a curve on a revolving drum, precisely as in the case of the self-recording barometer and thermometer.

We have already given a notice of the appearance of the first volume of the final report upon the geology of Ohio, by Professor NEWBERRY, and we have now to chronicle the publication of the first volume of the series of reports on the paleontology, a work of very great scientific value. It embraces three sections: first, a description of the invertebrate fossils of the Silurian and Devonian system, by Professor F. B. MEEK; second, descriptions of the fossil fishes, by Professor NEWBERRY; and third, descriptions of fossil plants, also by Professor NEWBERRY. The volume is fully illustrated by forty-eight plates, representing the new and more interesting species. As the first systematic account of the fossil remains of the State, this volume has a special importance, since, although descriptions of a large number of species have been actually published, they are scattered through the transactions of societies and scientific serials at home and abroad, requiring a large library for their study. The concentration of this information in the volumes of the report, with new descriptions and figures, together with large numbers of new species, brings the means of prosecuting such inquiries within the reach of any one.

Reference is made by Professor NEWBERRY, in his introduction, to some interesting points connected with the vertebrate fossils of the State; among others to the discovery, by Mr. J. H. KLIPPART, of twelve nearly complete skeletons of the fossil peccary—*Dicotyles compressus*—a species hitherto known only from scattered fragments.

In a notice of the Geological Survey of Ohio we inadvertently mentioned that the fossil plants were to be worked up by Professor LESQUEREUX. This was, of course, an error on our part, as Professor NEWBERRY, the head of the survey, is himself one of our highest authorities on this subject, and shares with Professor LESQUEREUX the pre-eminence in this respect.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA has appointed the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, the parish minister of Crathie, in Scotland, one of her chaplains. It was in his church that she partook of the Communion with Presbyterians. Before leaving Balmoral for Windsor the Queen placed in the Crathie church two stained-glass windows, one in memory of the Prince Consort, and the other in memory of the late Dr. NORMAN M'LEOD, of Glasgow.

The loss of the steam-ship *Ville du Havre* was commemorated by a service of unusual solemnity in the Church of Notre Dame, Havre, on the 8th of December. All the ships in the harbor hung their flags at half-mast, various mercantile houses were draped in mourning, and the municipal and other authorities, as well as Captain SURMONT and other survivors from the wreck, were present.

On December 16 a meeting was held in Peoria, Illinois, by Bishops CUMMINS and CHENEY, for the purpose of organizing a Reformed Episcopal church. The building in which the meeting was held was filled with a large congregation. After an explanatory address by Bishop CUMMINS, the Rev. A. G. TYNG announced that a Reformed Episcopal church would be at once organized. Subscriptions were taken for the support of a pastor. On December 18, at a meeting of the male members of St. George's Chapel, Chicago, of which the Rev. CHARLES H. TUCKER is pastor, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

> "*Resolved*, That this society be called the Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church; and that we adopt the doctrine, worship, and government of this Reformed Episcopal Church."

The lecture of Professor MAX MÜLLER in Westminster Abbey on missions has elicited no little comment. The London *Guardian* says: "The true question is, on what possible ground the introduction of a layman into the church as a lecturer can be defended except the ground that a dean is absolute, and that the Dean of Westminster, in particular, occupies a position entirely independent of ordinary Church law and Church authority." Other English papers take a more moderate view of this innovation upon old usages.

The Pope's Encyclical was suppressed in Germany. The edition of the *Cologne Gazette* containing the translation of it was confiscated. The Pope has written to Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI, offering him apartments in the Castel Gondolf in case of his expulsion from Posen. The archbishop has declined the offer. Late reports state that he will take refuge in Belgium. The war between Germany and the bishops still rages on every side. The Bishop of Trier has been fined 3600 thalers for instituting eighteen priests. The Minister of Public Worship has issued a circular to the provincial officials directing them to enforce strictly the new laws against all refractory prelates.

The two parties in the Reformed Church of France have parted from each other. At the Synod held early in December last a letter was presented from ninety-four pastors and as many laymen asking the assembled body to vote an amicable separation. This was declined, though the propriety of the parting of the liberals from the orthodox was recognized.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an amusing account of the interview of the English Non-conformist ministers who attended the Evangelical Alliance with HENRY WARD BEECHER. They were deputed to invite him to preach the annual sermon before the London Missionary Society next May. They met him immediately after he had delivered his address on "The Pulpit of the Age." "After a formal introduction to each minister," says the *Pall Mall*, "one followed the other in set speeches, urging him to accept the invitation. Like many other clever men, Mr. BEECHER probably prefers to talk much to others than to be much talked to, so he tired under this infliction, and just as one of the gravest members of the deputation began, in measured phrases, to support the petition of his brethren, the New York divine cut in, and said, 'I guess I should like to go to England very well *if it wasn't for the preaching!*' The solemn delegates looked at one another in dismay, and were still more appalled when Mr. BEECHER put on a very unclerical, military-looking cloak, with a wide-awake hat, and sat down on the table, dangling his legs a few inches from the floor. There was an embarrassing pause, says a New York correspondent of the Sheffield *Telegraph*, who appears to be in Mr. BEECHER's confidence, and gives a graphic description of the interview, 'and I really think Mr. BEECHER was afraid that somebody would suggest prayer.' His object was to break through the English primness and stiffness, to dispel a too clerical atmosphere, and 'joke the English ministers down into naturalness.' But as he only partially succeeded in this enterprise, he said, seriously, 'I can't preach up to great expectations. I can only talk, and I must talk naturally; so I might disappoint you all.' 'Ah!' then replied one of the deputation, kindling up, 'but that's just what we want. Your naturalness has been a revelation to me, and I want it to be a revelation to our young ministers.' So English divines next May will be able to study pulpit oratory from Mr. BEECHER's point of view; and if he teach any considerable number of them to be easy and natural without being coarse or vulgar, he will perhaps do even a greater service to Christians than to the heathen."

The Rev. Father PHELAN, of St. Louis, who was so conspicuous in the recent meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, where our common-school system was roundly denounced, delivered a characteristic lecture on education on the evening of December 14. Its chief points are the denial of the State's right to educate, and the infamous character of the American school system. On the question of right Father PHELAN takes the broad ground that every human being belongs to the Church, meaning thereby his own. "The Church" (we quote his language) "claims the divine right to educate the young; she claims the child from the woman that she confers baptism on. The State disputes her claim, and by sheer brute force tears from her bosom her heaven-given offspring. 'The child is mine,' says the State, 'and I will be responsible for its training; all you claim the right to bestow I will myself confer; under my religion there is no use or place for your ministrations.' Isn't that absorption of the Church in the State?"

Like his associates of the priesthood, Father PHELAN, in order to make out a case against the public-school system, charges that American society is the most corrupt on the earth. This is his indictment:

"We can challenge the civilized world to produce a criminal record darker or more grandly flagitious than our own. There is no crime known within the scope of human weakness and daring that is not daily perpetrated in our midst. There are more murders, rapes, arsons, embezzlements, and defalcations; more cursing, false swearing, vulgarity, to be heard, seen, and met in America than would damn the oldest nation in the world; and to eradicate this we must begin with the children."

When it is remembered that these accusations are made by a foreigner, who will most probably never be naturalized, against a people who have given a refuge and a home to him and several millions of his countrymen, its indecency will be readily appreciated. It is unnecessary to deny the assertion; and it is a well-established fact that crime in the United States is committed mostly by that part of our population which Father PHELAN is doing his utmost to keep out of the schools. Father PHELAN sees, in the future, the nation extinct and the Church triumphant, for "the Church will continue to curse secularized education long after the American people have departed for their happy hunting-grounds."

The work of foreign Christian missions, as carried on by the Presbyterian Church of the United States, shows for the year 1873 most encouraging progress. Eight hundred laborers are in the service of the Presbyterian Board; forty-five missionaries have been sent out during the year; 36,000,000 of pages were issued from "the different presses under the care of the board." Of the missionaries in foreign fields, some have been in the service forty years; in some cases mission work has descended from parents to children. It is reported also that the leading foreign missionary societies of Great Britain advanced in their receipts during the last year nearly $300,000.

It is reported by cable that on the 22d of December the Pope created a number of new cardinals. The London *Tablet* says: "There is some discrepancy between the lists of names, but all accounts agree that Monsignor CHIGI—who is to remain at Paris as pro-nuncio, for a cardinal can not be a nuncio—Monsignor FALCINELLI, nuncio at Vienna, Monsignor OREGLIA DI SANTO STEFANO, nuncio at Lisbon, Monsignor FRANCHI, formerly nuncio at Madrid, and the Archbishop of Paris, are to receive hats. Some accounts add the Archbishop of Cambrai—a very probable appointment—and the Bishop of Valencia, in Spain; and the other names mentioned are Monsignors GIANELLI, PACCA, and MARTINELLI, the Archbishop of Salzburg, the Primate of Hungary, the Patriarch of Lisbon, and F. TARQUINI, S.J. Further consistency is given to the report by the announcement that a Bull has been published abrogating the ordinary ceremonial in use at the creation of cardinals. It is further stated that the foreign cardinals now to be created are selected directly by the Holy See, and not on the recommendation of their respective governments."

The Italian government continues its sale of the property of the religious orders in Rome. A Catholic correspondent reports the following since the seizure of the houses of the Jesuits: "Possession was taken on the 1st of December of six convents—namely, that of the monks of St. Jerome, at Sant' Onofrio, where TASSO died; the Trinitarian Convent of St. Grisogono; the Hospital of St. Giovanni della Malva; Sta. Maria della Scala of the Carmelite Monks; the Convent of Dominican Nuns at SS. Dominic and Sixtus, on the Quirinal, and that of the Carmelite Nuns of St. Teresa, also on the Quirinal. Two days afterward four Augustinian convents were seized—that, namely, of monks at St. Agostino and at St. Maria del Popolo, and those of Augustinian Nuns delle Vergini, and at the Longara. On the 4th of December four convents of nuns were seized—namely, St. Cosimato of Franciscans of St. Clare, Sta. Caterina da Siena of Dominicans, the Carmelite nunnery at Sta. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, and the Augustinian nunnery of SSma Annunziata. The furniture, etc., of the Collegio Romano was set up for sale on the 2d of December. The fourth public sale of lands under the Giunta was advertised for the 15th of December, and will comprise the lands of the Irish prelates, and houses and lands belonging to the Minor Chierici of St. Lorenzo in Lucina."

A very important document upon the doctrine and practice of confession in the Church of England has been published in the London *Times*. It is signed by a number of well-known clergymen, among whom are Archdeacon DENISON, Canon KING, of Christ Church, Oxford, Canon LIDDON, of St. Paul's, London, the Rev. A. H. MACKONOCHIE, and Dr. PUSEY. The point made by the signers is thus stated: "While, then, we hold that the formularies of the Church of England do not authorize any priest to teach that private confession is a condition indispensable to the forgiveness of sin after baptism, and that the Church of England does not justify any parish priest in requiring private confession as a condition of receiving Holy Communion, we also hold that all who, under the circumstances stated, claim the privilege of private confession, are entitled to it, and that the clergy are directed under certain circumstances to 'move' persons to such confession."

As to the two other points—the force of the absolution pronounced by the priest, and the proper occasions for confession—they hold the following:

"In our ordination as priests of the Church of England the words of our Lord to His Apostles, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained,' were applied to us individually. Thus it appears that the Church of England considers this commission to be not a temporary endowment of the Apostles, but a gift lasting to the end of time. It was said to each of us, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands,' and then followed the words, 'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.'"

And again:

"In these words forgiveness of sins (as used in the Book of Common Prayer) is ascribed to our Lord Jesus Christ, yet the priest, acting by a delegated authority, and as an instrument, does through these words convey the absolving grace; and secondly, that the absolution from sins can not be understood to be the removal of any censures of the Church, because (*a*) the sins from which the penitent is absolved are presupposed to be sins known previously to himself and God only; (*b*) the words of the Latin form relating to those censures are omitted in our English form; and (*c*) the release from excommunication is in Art. XXXIII. reserved to 'a judge that hath authority thereunto.'"

After noting that the confession of the sick and of those who come to the Lord's Supper is, under certain circumstances, advised by the formularies of the Church, the signers proceed to say:

"We would further observe that the Church of England has nowhere limited the occasions upon which her priests should exercise the office which she commits to them at their ordination; and that to command her priests in two of her offices to hear confessions, if made, can not be construed negatively into a command not to receive confessions on any other occasions. But, in fact, the two occasions specified do practically comprise the whole of the adult life."

These divines appear, therefore, to come to two conclusions: (1) That habitual confession, though not required, is yet not forbidden by the Church of England; (2) that the absolution of the priest is not merely a declaratory but a judicial act, carrying with it absolving grace. The high reputation of the signers, both as scholars and clergymen, has drawn much attention to their declaration.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—That there is no accent so charming as that of a Frenchman who has had the privilege of picking up his English pronunciation in the blended society of a family from Somersetshire, a family from Lancashire, a Scotch doctor, an Irish half-pay officer, and a Bond Street lounger. That Plutus, Pluto, and Plutarch are only different names of the same female. That, as a general rule, monkeys are extremely likely to be deficient in respect to their grandfathers. That when Saturn devoured his own children, a megatherium pie formed the second course of the dinner. That a geologist is very likely to be a partial uncle, because, though regardless perhaps of the fortunes of his nephew, he is sure to be properly attentive to the position of his gneiss.

"Develop your minerals," is the Californian style of asking a person to pay his debts.

NOT A CASE OF NECESSITY—A cigar-case.

HOW TO MAKE A LADY STICK OUT HER LITTLE FINGER.—The best way of securing this effect is to put on the finger in question a handsome diamond ring. The mere desire to display the diamond to the best advantage is sure to make the lady stick out her little finger in the most charming manner possible. When the effect begins to fail, substitute another ring of greater brilliancy. Success must attend these repeated efforts.

THE RAREST RAILWAY ACCIDENT—A safe journey.

A NOISY PIECE OF CROCKERY—The cup that cheers.

During General Birney's raid through Florida a bright little girl was found at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a by-stander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family of which the girl was so hopeful a scion was Union or rebel.

There was a jolly woodman
Was standin' by a tree,
When he spied an awful big bear
A-coming right at he.
The bear was ramparageous,
The foam was on his lip,
And full a yard of prairie
He cleared at every skip.

Hotel-keepers are people we have to put up with.

As a fashionable young lady, fresh from boarding-school, came to her honest father's breakfast-table, instead of speaking English and saying, "Good-morning," she spoke French and said, "*Bonjour*." "Of course, the bone's yours, if you say so," responded the practical old gentleman, as he handed her the ossified portion of the beefsteak.

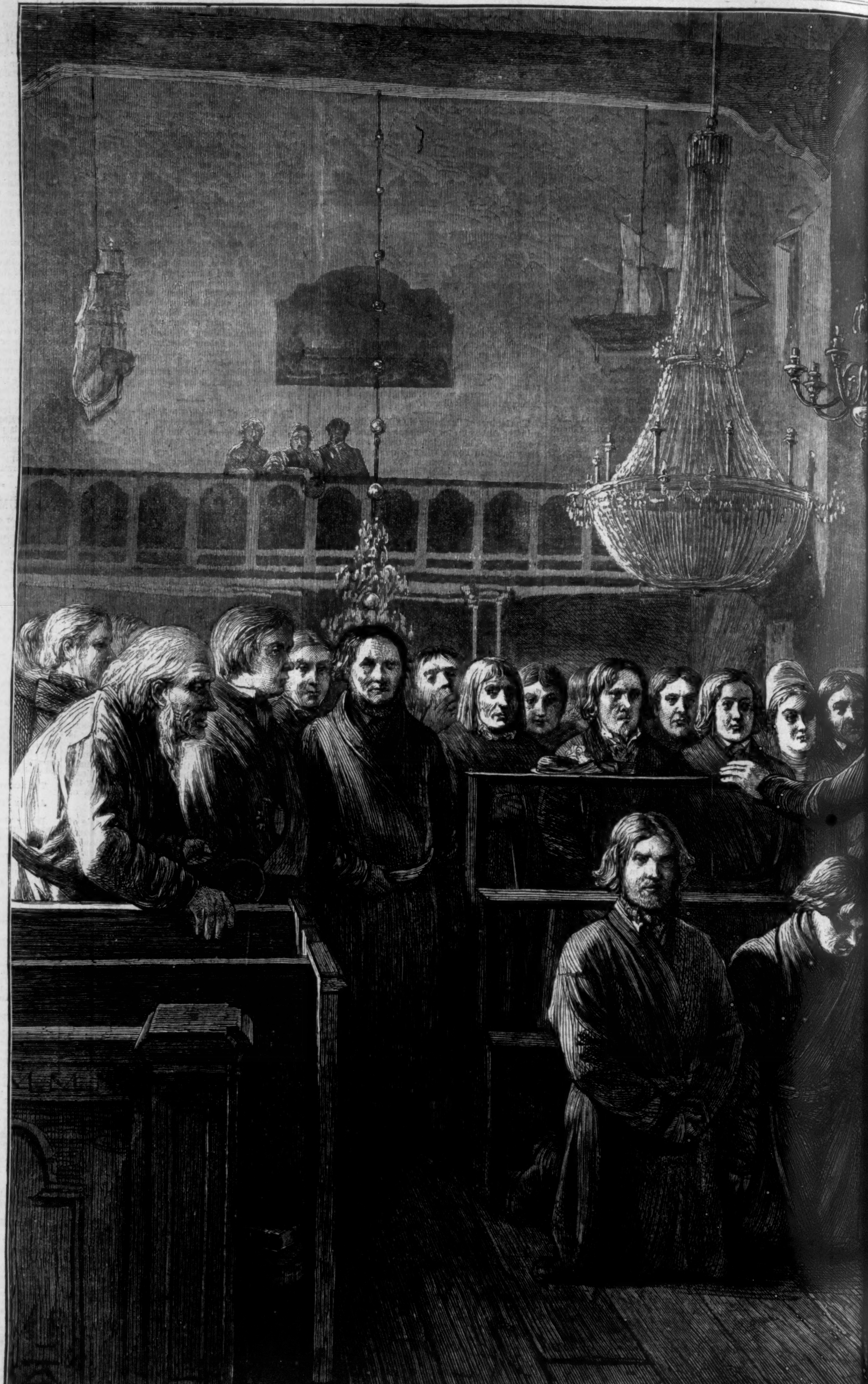
A Scottish minister being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of the contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weel, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

When is a lawyer most like a mule?—When he draws up a conveyance.

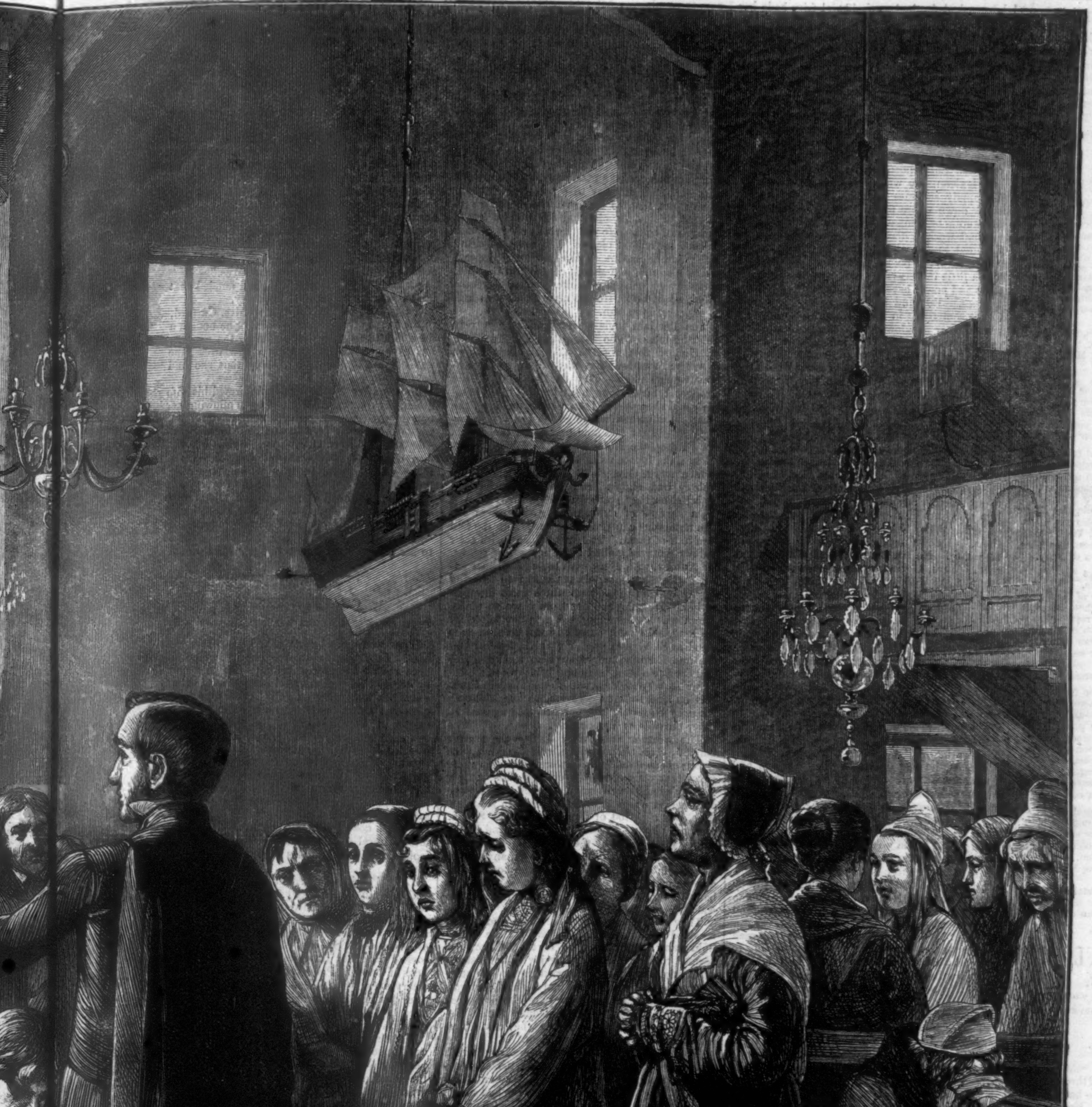
A GREAT HARDSHIP—An iron steamer.

The color of the wind was discovered by the man who went out and found it blew.

There was a fellow in a certain neighborhood in Arkansas who was suspected of sheep-stealing. At last a planter, riding through the woods, perceived the suspected individual emerge from the woods, and after looking round to see that no one was near, walk up to a flock of sheep and knock over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed, "Now, Sir, I have got you. You can not get off; you are caught in the act." "What act?" indignantly inquired the thief. "Why, sheep-stealing," was the prompt reply. "Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton. "Now will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter. "No, Sir," was the answer; "I did kill it, and I'd do it again under the same circumstances. I'll kill any body's sheep that bites me as I'm going peaceably along the road."



"THE BLACK BENCH"—SCENE IN A RU



A RUSSIAN VILLAGE CHURCH.—[See Page 58.]

"THE BLACK BENCH."

OUR double-page illustration this week, engraved from a Russian painting, represents a scene which is frequently witnessed in the village churches of Russia. Villagers who have been guilty of wrong-doing are compelled to appear on the "black bench" to receive reproof and admonition from the parish priest. The interior of the church is decorated with ships, paintings, and other gifts from the villagers.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture.)

[In this picture, now exhibited in London, Christ is represented as a young man working in a carpenter's shop at the close of the day. Weary with labor, he stretches his arms above his head. The action throws upon the wall behind, his shadow, resembling that of one hanging upon a cross. His mother, kneeling before a casket, where she has been examining the crowns brought by the Wise Men of the East, starts to see the omen.]

WEARY, half weary of the work of life,
The just-begun and never-ended strife,
O Son of Mary;
Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter,
God-given, twenty years agone, to her,
His mother Mary.
Jesus, the Lord's Anointed, free from sin;
The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win,
The Door, through which we all may enter in,
Christ, Son of Mary.

Our days, Thou knowest, are short and full of woes,
Our cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws,
Tired Son of Mary:
Our birth-crowns, that our mothers treasure up,
Are melted oft into one bitter cup—
They drink, like Mary:
And with dim, frightened eyes they also see
The shadow of some strange accursed Tree,
Where their dear sons give up the ghost, like Thee,
Great Son of Mary.

O full of life, with all life's lawful joys
Calling upon Thee in mellifluous noise,
Fair Son of Mary;
Full of man's strength to do God's whole behest,
The noontide labor bringing evening rest,
Sweet Son of Mary;
Yet through all this, love-wiser far than these,
The shadow of the Cross Thy mother sees
In its unfathomable mysteries—
Heart-piercéd Mary.

But Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from fear,
Thou seest the rest, remaining even here
To Thee—and Mary,
And all God's people, all His children poor,
Whom Thou namest brethren: knocking at their door,
Blessed Son of Mary:
And, by-and-by, Thy earthly travail done,
Death consummating what Thy life begun,
Thou'lt say, "Come unto Me, each weary one—
I am Son of Mary."

O Son of God, and yet the woman's seed,
Bruise Thou our serpent sins, even though we bleed,
Like Thee and Mary.
Forgive if we, too, tired ere work be done,
Look forward longing to the set of sun,
Alone—no, Mary:
And in the day of evil, anguish-rife,
Remember us! Through this our mortal strife,
Lead us unto Thine everlasting life,
Christ, Son of Mary.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BITTER AS ASHES.

LADY PERRIAM had been married three months. Two out of those three months she had spent at Perriam Place, and it seemed to her that her existence as Sir Aubrey's wife was quite an old thing. "Lady Perriam, Sylvia, Lady Perriam." She repeated the title to herself wonderingly sometimes. There was so small a difference between Lady Perriam and Sylvia Carew! The same discontent, the same unsatisfied yearnings, gnawed Sylvia's heart amidst the placid grandeurs of Perriam Place as in the village school-house. Her ambition had been gratified beyond her wildest dream, but its gratification had brought her so little!

For a little while, just so long as novelty, like the bloom upon a peach, gave charm and beauty to her surroundings, she had believed it all-sufficient for content, nay, for happiness, to be mistress of Perriam Place; to be able to say my house, my dressing-room, my boudoir, my gardens, my servants; to be waited on by respectful attendants; to have a carriage at her command, and to be called "my lady." It was also very pleasant to have no rooms to clean, no dinners to cook, no cups and saucers or plates and dishes to wash after every meal—in a word, no daily routine of domestic labor. These were all on the credit side of her ledger. But, on the other side, the sum of her discontents swelled day by day. Novelty's brief bloom soon faded from Perriam Place; the large empty rooms began to wear a dreary look; nay, at times, when she had been long alone in the drawing-room, there grew upon her a sense of some ghostly unseen presence lurking in the background of that spacious saloon. She almost feared to look behind her chair lest she should see something—what, she had never imagined to herself. Sometimes she would glance nervously at one of those seven long windows, half fearing to see a strange face looking in at her—a face not of this earth. Perhaps the vicinity of so many dead Perriams in the little church-yard yonder below the Italian garden may have had something to do with this fancy.

This stately solitude seen from the outside would have seemed perfect to the girlish eyes of Sylvia Carew. It was the life that she would have asked for had some liberal fairy bade her choose her own destiny. But how many of us would choose wrong, were we permitted to select our own lot out of the urn of fate! He who shakes the lots in the urn alone knows what is good for us.

That splendid life, set round with worldly pomp, was very dismal for Sir Aubrey Perriam's young wife. Sweet though it was to be free from menial labor, the days seemed long and empty without that sordid toil. Sylvia laid out a grand scheme for completing her education. She would read the Latin poets with the aid of grammar and lexicon, she would improve her German. Unhappily schemes such as these are apt to break down where there is no one to supervise the studies or sympathize with the student. Sylvia had worked desperately at German during Edmund Standen's brief courtship, so that she might read the books he admired, and talk to him a little in that rugged language which has a force and power hardly found in more melodious tongues. Edmund had read Schiller's ballads to her sometimes in their twilight dawdlings by streamlet or meadow, and to please him by her progress she had worked assiduously, and deemed the labor sweet. Now she yawned over the strong wine of that verse as if it had been the weakest milk and water of the Wordsworthian school—infinitely diluted Wordsworth. Nor did Horace's odes, which had seemed full of grace and meaning when Edmund declaimed and explained them, now appear any thing more than a string of nouns and adjectives, ablative absolutes and gerundives, worked into a distracting tangle.

She might have obtained some kind of assistance from Mordred, but whenever she ventured to appeal to that authority, he meandered off into prosy criticism upon the bard, and insisted on entertaining Sylvia with a catalogue of editions. His own understanding was too weak for a teacher. He could only repeat what he had read. Thus, after a month or so of systematic study, Lady Perriam lost heart, and only took up her books in a desultory manner.

Sir Aubrey gave her no encouragement to study. He had the old-fashioned notion that a young woman should know how to make what his grandfather had called "puddens," and be great in the still-room. If she hankered after higher accomplishments, she should paint flowers and butterflies upon velvet, or draw minute landscapes in pencil, to the injury of her sight, or paint feathers in the same minute style to adorn her friends' albums. Then, to fill up the sum of her industrious days, she might do tambour-work, or "Abraham and Isaac" in tent stitch, as the last Lady Perriam but one had done—a work of art which might be seen to this day in the Bolingbroke chamber. Of blue-stockings Sir Aubrey had a pious horror.

"Look at Lady Mary Wortley," he said, when he dissuaded Sylvia from the study of the Latin poets; "she was vastly clever, but hardly respectable even at her best; and if the scandals of the period are to be believed, not overclean."

For music, vocal or instrumental, Sir Aubrey cared not a jot. He had bought a cottage piano at Sylvia's request, and it was permitted to stand in a corner by one of the fire-places in the saloon, where, in his heart of hearts, the baronet deemed it an eye-sore. He would ask Sylvia to sing to him every evening in exactly the same courteous tone; but he read the paper while she sang, and was rarely aware of the subject of her minstrelsy. Yet he thanked her with undeviating politeness when she closed the piano.

The monotony of life at Perriam Place was far beyond any thing one could expect in a monastery. Those solemn abodes are subject to the intrusion of travelers, the inspection of a vicar-general, changes in administration even, feast-days, fast-days, retreats, an endless variety, as compared with life at Perriam, which was smooth and changeless as the bosom of a canal. The well-trained servants prepared and set forth each day's meal in the same order. The same stillness pervaded the stately mansion from day to day. The endless ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock in the hall—a clock whose lacquered case was emblazoned with all the quarterings of the Perriams—seemed like a reminder of eternity. "Always the same, always the same," said that solemn time-piece to Sylvia's weary ear. *Semper eadem. Semper eadem.*

Sir Aubrey was never unkind to her; but, on the other hand, he was not the indulgent husband she had expected him to be. He was in no manner her slave; but, on the contrary, expected and exacted perpetual obedience from her. He was rather like a kind father than a doting husband. He did not lavish his wealth upon her caprices, and, indeed, rarely granted her requests—though he always refused them with amiability.

One day she ventured to suggest that they might lead a gayer life than their present existence; that Perriam Place would seem all the pleasanter if it were occasionally filled with visitors. Sir Aubrey raised his eyebrows in placid astonishment.

"My love, are you not happy?" he asked.

Sylvia sighed, and replied that she was perfectly happy.

"Then why hazard our happiness by introducing a foreign element into our lives? You have not been accustomed to a house full of visitors, neither have I. Since we are both happy, let us do our best to remain so."

Thus spoke the voice of age and wisdom; but youth's rebellious heart revolted against this sage decree. Tears of vexation started to Sylvia's eyes.

"I knew you lived here like a hermit while you were a bachelor," she said: "people used to talk enough about it. But I thought when you were married it would be different—that you would entertain the county people as other rich men do, and enjoy life a little."

"I hope the prospect of entertaining the county people was not your sole inducement to become my wife," answered Sir Aubrey, with that air of offended dignity with which he armed himself at times as with a hauberk. "As to enjoying life, I live my own life, which is to my mind the highest enjoyment possible to humanity."

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, and submitted. She was obliged to submit—had, indeed, discovered that life matrimonial was all submission. Sir Aubrey was a kind but not an indulgent husband. That enthusiasm which had led him to woo and wed a village school-master's daughter had cooled a little now that she was his wife—his own property to the end of his days. It was not that he was in any manner disappointed, or that his admiring affection for Sylvia had grown cold. He was perfectly satisfied with his lot, supremely pleased with his fair young wife; but he meant to live his own life, and meant also that she should conform to that life, and not seek strange pleasures and amusements which would inflict trouble and vexation, as well as expense, upon him.

The Perriam honey-moon had been a very quiet business. The entresol in the Faubourg St. Honoré was not the palatial home which Sylvia had supposed so great a man as Sir Aubrey would inhabit even in the land of the stranger. Sir Aubrey had taken his bride to all the usual shows—the Louvre, Luxembourg, the great old churches, where Sylvia gazed wonderingly at statues and gold and color, the Jardin des Plantes, the Hôtel Cluny, Napoleon's Mausoleum, the fountains at Versailles, and the long terrace at St. Germains. All these things Sir Aubrey had shown her; but, wonderful and beautiful as they seemed to the untraveled rustic, a shadow of dullness hung over them all. The numerous churches tired her before she had seen half of them. The vast palaces, with their endless pictures, palled upon her weary senses. Sir Aubrey, with every wish to be kind, instructive, and explanatory, always contrived to bring her away from the objects which most interested her. He marched her from place to place. There was no lounging, no pleasant loitering. No long, sultry day dawdled away in that deep wood at St. Germains. Yet Sylvia fancied that she and Edmund might have so wasted a day had they two been bride and bridegroom.

Sir Aubrey took his wife to the Théâtre Français on one solitary occasion, to see Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, but put his veto against all other theatres as disreputable.

The weather was sultry during the greater part of Sylvia's honey-moon, and the great wide streets of the wonderful city were dim with a warm vapor that whispered of fevers and cholera. Sir Aubrey's habits were early, and the evening, the only period when Paris is tolerable in summer-time, was a period of imprisonment for Sylvia. She was playing chess with her husband in the stifling little saloon by the light of a pair of wax-candles, while the city was gay with many voices, and music and light yonder on the boulevards, where the night wind blew freshly. Sylvia went back to England with the impression that Paris was a splendid city, but not a gay one.

They returned to Perriam Place, and Sylvia received the homage and obeisance of the household; and in the moment of that triumph it seemed to her an all-sufficing joy to be mistress of Perriam and all these dependents. Whatever surprise these domestics had felt at their lord's strange marriage had been carefully smoothed out of their faces. They welcomed James Carew's daughter as respectfully as they could have welcomed Lady Guinevere herself.

Those improvements and alterations which Sylvia had planned with so much satisfaction before her marriage were not yet put in hand. Indeed, a very short space of married life had shown Lady Perriam how little power she had over her lord, and how little liberty of action she was likely to enjoy; and, perhaps even worse than this, how small was to be her command of money. She knew that her husband had wealth that surpassed by tenfold the measure of his expenditure; yet she derived neither pleasure nor power from his riches.

He looked unutterable surprise the first time she asked him for money.

"My dear child, what can you want with money?" he asked, as if they had been on a desert island where the circulating medium was useless.

"I—I should like a little to spend," Sylvia answered, childishly. She had not forgotten that wretched woman in Bell Alley, Fetter Lane. Tenderness of heart was not Sylvia's strong point, yet it irked her to live amidst all these solid splendors, satiated with temporal comforts, and to feel that in all likelihood her mother was starving.

"To spend for the mere pleasure of spending," said Sir Aubrey, like a wise father—one of dear Maria Edgeworth's model parents, for instance—remonstrating with his little girl. "My dear Sylvia, is not that rather a childish reason?"

"But I didn't mean to say that. Of course I want the money, or I shouldn't have asked you for it. I thought you would give me an allowance, perhaps, when we were married."

"I have thought of that," replied Sir Aubrey, as if it were a matter demanding profound consideration, "and I intend to do so—ultimately. But really your wants must be infinitesimal. You have the dresses and other garments you bought before our marriage."

"The dresses are getting shabby," said Sylvia. "I wore them all the time we were in Paris."

"A month," said Sir Aubrey. "I have worn this coat nearly eighteen months."

"Then it's time you had a new one," cried Sylvia, sorely tried. "But I'll go on wearing my shabby dresses if you like. It doesn't much matter: I never see any one except you and Mordred."

"I hope you have sufficient respect for me to dress as nicely to please me as you would to win the admiration of strangers," returned Sir Aubrey, with an offended air.

"I can't dress nicely without money to buy clothes," replied Sylvia. "Women's dresses are not like men's coats—they don't wear everlastingly."

"Then it's a pity women do not adopt more substantial materials. Neither the linsey-wolseys our grandmothers wore for use, nor the brocades which they kept for state occasions, required to be renewed every three months. The chairs in our bedrooms are covered with dresses of my grandmother's. However, it is not your fault that the age is frivolous, and I can't be angry with you for following the fashion of your day. I'll give you a check for twenty pounds, and before that is gone I will arrange your allowance of pocket-money. There, my love, don't let me see any more tears in those pretty eyes."

Sir Aubrey wrote the check, and fancied that he had acted with supreme liberality.

Sylvia sent half this money to Mrs. Carford, in the shape of a ten-pound note. She bought a dark silk dress with the remaining ten pounds, for, having talked of wanting a new dress, she was obliged to show Sir Aubrey that she had bought one.

Shortly after this the baronet informed his wife graciously that he had decided upon allowing her two hundred a year, payable quarterly, for her personal expenditure, and this he evidently considered a most liberal allowance. Sylvia thanked him warmly, and was indeed grateful for any thing which should be hers without question. All her dreams of refurnishing the library, and replacing the faded curtains in the saloon with amber satin, were quite over. She knew that in Sir Aubrey she had found a new master. It was a more exalted bondage than her servitude to her father, but it was bondage all the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THOU LOOK'ST SO LIKE WHAT ONCE WAS MINE.

TIME wears the beauty off all temporal blessings. That stately old yellow chariot, which had been at first a source of pride to Lady Perriam, by degrees became almost loathsome, so dismal were her lonely drives. Sir Aubrey preferred pottering about his farms on Splinter to promenades in the yellow chariot, so Sylvia had that equipage to herself and her own thoughts. It was like a state-prison upon wheels. Beautiful as was the scenery round Perriam, Sylvia soon grew weary of nature's loveliness. Before she had been a month at the Place she knew the landscape by heart, the hill-sides from which she saw the distant sea, the ferny lanes down which the great coach went staggering and rumbling into pastoral valleys, whose cob-walled cottages looked the chosen abodes of peace and contentment.

Lady Perriam looked at those rustic houses with a strange, perplexed feeling. She had not been happy when she lived in a cottage, yet now that she inhabited a mansion, it seemed to her as if those humbler dwellings must hold the secret of happiness. She was very lonely. Her lord's society gave her no delight, the park and gardens of Perriam Place became as a desert to her weary eyes. She paced the Italian terrace day after day, and looking down at the peaceful grave-yard below the marble balustrade, envied those Perriams who no longer knew life's weariness.

The few county families with whom Sir Aubrey condescended to maintain a tepid acquaintance paid their formal visits to the new mistress of the Place, and were not a little surprised at the graceful ease of manner with which Lady Perriam received them. She was in no wise abashed by these magnates of the land. But others came as well as the county people. Mrs. Toynbee and her two overdressed daughters were among the earliest of Sylvia's visitors. The manufacturer's wife came with the intention of patronizing Lady Perriam, but was not slow to discover from Sylvia's icy reception that patronage was not exactly the tone to take here.

"We always said you would marry well, my dear," said Mrs. Toynbee, almost taking credit to herself for Sylvia's elevation. "You had an air so far above your station."

"My father was a gentleman before he was a parish school-master," answered Lady Perriam, coolly. "I never pretended to a higher station than that of a gentleman's daughter."

"Of course not, my love; but you know there are lines of demarkation. Every one could see how superior you and Mr. Carew were, yet the gentry couldn't associate with you quite on equal terms, however much they might wish it. I'm sure I, for one, would have been charmed to have you at my parties—quite an ornament to them—but one's friends make such remarks if one steps ever so little way over the boundary line."

"Yes, Mrs. Toynbee, no doubt persons of your position must be punctilious. The trading classes are full of narrow-minded prejudices; but with people of Sir Aubrey's rank it is quite different. Their position is not dependent on any one's approval or opinion. My carriage has been waiting for the last half hour, Mrs. Toynbee," added Lady Perriam, ringing the bell: "will you permit me to wish you good-morning?" And the magnificent Mrs. Toynbee, the richest woman in Hedingham parish, found herself bowed out by the village school-master's daughter.

"Did you ever see such insolence?" cried this outraged female, as she spread out her silken draperies in the amplitude of their splendor, and settled herself in her luxurious landau, new from the coach-builder's, and with all the latest improvements in landaus.

"Of course not, ma, but you might have saved us such a humiliation if you'd taken my advice," retorted Juliana Toynbee, acrimoniously.

"Nasty thing!" exclaimed Edith, the second sister, meaning Lady Perriam.

"To treat us like that, when I was going to be a friend to her, out of right down charity," continued Mrs. Toynbee. "What can she know about giving dinner-parties, or any of the things that become her station? What she wants is a clever and experienced friend at her elbow, to put her in the way of doing things in the right style. My dinners have been talked of from one end of the county to the other, and I shouldn't have minded any trouble to put her in the right way, if she'd shown herself grateful."

"It isn't in her to be grateful," returned Juliana; "and as to visiting at Perriam, I wouldn't darken her doors if she was to send us a formal invitation once a week. Besides, every one knows Sir Aubrey is as close as he well can be, and I don't suppose she'll ever have the chance of giving parties."

And thus these ladies drove home, talking of Sylvia all the way, very warm as to their tempers, and very flushed as to their faces, and it was solemnly voted in the Toynbee household that Sylvia, Lady Perriam, was to be counted among the dead.

The day came when Sylvia was to see Edmund Standen for the first time since that sorrowful parting by the tomb of the De Bossinnys. She heard of his return soon after it happened; heard of it from the lips of Mr. Bain, who announced the fact carelessly enough, yet contrived to watch the effect of that announcement upon Sylvia. One bright hectic spot flamed in the delicate cheek, but faded before Sir Aubrey had time to notice it.

"Mr. Standen has gone into the bank," said the steward, not unwilling to prolong the discussion. "The Western Union, as they call it, since it's been made a joint-stock bank. It has set people talking a little. Nobody thought young Standen would have gone into business. He has plenty to live upon, or will have after his mother's death, though I believe at present he is quite dependent on the old lady."

"I feel no interest in Mr. Standen or his affairs," remarked the baronet, with dignity; so Mr. Bain said no more.

For several Sundays after their arrival at the Place Sylvia and her husband attended the little church in the dell, where a mild incumbent performed two services every Sunday for the enlightenment of a sparse congregation drawn from adjacent hamlets. Then came a fine sunny Sabbath at the beginning of December, and Sir Aubrey proposed that they should go to church at Hedingham. "I like Vancourt's sermons better than Smallman's," said the baronet. "We may as well drive over to Hedingham."

Sylvia felt a kind of catch in her throat, which prevented her saying yea or nay to this proposition. She should see him again, then, that Edmund Standen whom she had once sworn to love eternally. She dreaded seeing him, yet desired to see him, to look on the unforgotten face, if it were but for a moment.

The church looked bright and gay on that wintry morning, bright with the cheerful December sunshine. Sir Aubrey owned a large square pew in the chancel, which was the most aristocratic part of the edifice, a pew placed as near the altar rails as it could be placed, in a manner within the sanctuary; a pew that was sumptuously provided with crimson cushions, luxurious foot-stools, prayer-books of largest type, bound in crimson Russia, and emblazoned with the Perriam coat of arms; prayer-books in which good King George was prayed for assiduously.

These chancel pews were on a higher level than the body of the church, and from Sir Aubrey's pew Sylvia commanded a full view of the Dean House party, who occupied a front pew in the central aisle. There they all were: Mrs. Standen, the delicate-looking widow from Demerara, with a little girl of six years old at her side, Esther Rochdale, and Edmund, all in mourning, a very sombre-looking party.

Not once during the service did Edmund's eyes wander in Sylvia's direction, yet she felt that he was aware of her presence. Those dark eyes of his were for the most part bent rigidly upon his book. Sylvia remembered his old manner, which, though devout, was scarcely so attentive to the mere letter of the service.

Sir Aubrey and his wife left the church by a little side-door—it was one of the privileges of the chancel people to use this door—but in the church-yard Sir Aubrey was button-holed by a brother land-owner, and while they were standing in the narrow path, close by that too well remembered monument of the De Bossinnys, Edmund and Esther Rochdale passed them. For one moment only the young man looked at Sylvia. Such a look! Contempt so scathing is not often expressed in one brief flash of disdainful eyes, one curve of a scornful lip. Deadly pale, yet with a look of unshaken firmness, her jilted lover passed her by, and the sharpest pain her heart had power to feel Sylvia felt at that moment.

"I hope I may never see him again," she thought, as the yellow chariot bore her back to Perriam—"never, unless I were free to win back his love. I know I could win it, though he may despise me now, if I were only free to try." And she looked at Sir Aubrey, and began to speculate how long a man of that age might live—five years—ten—fifteen—twenty perhaps. Nay, an existence so placid and temperate as Sir Aubrey's might flow smoothly on for another half century.

Did she wish him dead? Did a thought so dark as to be in itself a crime ever enter her heart? It had come but too near that with Lady Perriam. She had never shaped an actual wish, but she had calculated the measure of her husband's days, and had pictured to herself what might happen when he should take his rest with those other Perriams in the church-yard in that green hollow, where hart's-tongue fern pushed its curved leaves between the crumbling stones of the old gray wall.

What a marvelous change that one event of Sir Aubrey's death would make in her existence! She would have five thousand a year, her very own, to squander as she pleased, instead of a pittance of two hundred a year doled out to her quarterly. And she would be free—free to recover Edmund Standen's love, were it possible for him to forgive her.

"I don't believe he could be angry with me very long," she thought, "or that he could shut his heart against me. He would remember those happy summer evenings. All the past would come back to him in a breath, and all his love with it."

There was one fear which tortured Sylvia whenever her thoughts drifted that way. What if Edmund should marry Esther Rochdale? She felt sure that Esther was fond of him. She had made up her mind about that long ago; and it was an understood thing in Hedingham, where people knew, or affected to know, the most secret desires of their neighbors, that Mrs. Standen wished to see those two married. What more likely than that she would now try to patch up an engagement between them?

"His sister will help her, no doubt," thought Sylvia, "and between them they will worry him into marrying that little dark thing."

She remembered Esther's winning gentleness, her soft dark eyes, with their pensive, pleading look: not a girl against whom a man could steel his heart forever, one might think.

The thought of this possibility added a new sting to Lady Perriam's keen regret. It made even the dullness of her life more bitter. She was glad to keep Mary Peter in her dressing-room for an hour's chat now and then, when that young person brought her home some new garment, and to hear her gossip about the Hedingham people, and sometimes a little about the occupants of Dean House.

Sir Aubrey happened to interrupt this friendly gossip one day, and after Mary Peter had retired, frozen by the baronet's urbanity, he expressed himself somewhat strongly upon the subject of his wife's familiarity with a village mantua-maker.

"I was not familiar with her," pleaded Sylvia. "I let her talk—that was all."

"My love, to let a person of that kind tattle is to be familiar with her. It presupposes an interest in their conversation which it ought to be impossible for you to feel."

"She talks about people I used to see before I was married," said Sylvia.

"But with whom you have nothing more to do, and in whom your interest ought to have ceased with your marriage. Pray let me never see that young woman again."

"She makes my dresses," remonstrated Sylvia; "I don't see how I can get on without her."

"Are you so childish as to suppose that there is only one dress-maker at your service? You can have your gowns made by Mrs. Bowker, of Monkhampton, a very proper person."

Sylvia sighed and submitted. So Mary Peter, who could talk of Edmund, recalling memories that were at once sweet and sad, was banished from Perriam Place. Little as Sylvia had cared for this humble friend, she felt life more lonely without her occasional society. Her father was away still, rejoicing in the sunshine of a warmer sky, on the shores of the Mediterranean, just contriving to exist at a third-rate boarding-house on his scanty income. He liked the shores of the Mediterranean, even under the disadvantage of a limited income, much better than the village of Hedingham, and had no intention of returning to English rusticity yet a while. He wrote to his daughter occasionally, not forgetting to hint that any addition to his pittance which she might be inclined to make would be welcome.

Sir Aubrey had given one state dinner to those county people who had called upon his wife—a dinner distinguished by a solemn splendor, but almost as gloomy as that funereal banquet which the Roman tyrant Domitian gave to his friends, where the walls were hung with black, and the paraphernalia of death so closely represented that many of the amiable Cæsar's guests swooned away and died in real earnest, slain by the mere horror of this ghastly jest. After this state dinner there were no more gayeties at Perriam, but Sir Aubrey took his lovely young wife to three or four feasts of the same kind which his friends gave in her honor. This constituted Sylvia's brief experience of the polite world; for now came an event which was to exclude Sir Aubrey Perriam from society forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLIDAY GREENS.

THE Christmas-tree of the Germans is gradually superseding the old English custom of hanging the stocking by the fire-place for the reception of the presents supposed, by a pleasant fiction, to be brought down the chimney by Santa Claus. In Germany, and frequently in this country, the ceremony of distributing the presents takes place on Christmas-eve. The tree is arranged by the senior members of the family in the parlor, and early in the evening the children are assembled in an adjoining apartment. At a given signal the parlor door is thrown open, and the young folks rush in, eager to behold the splendid and attractive sight. There, on a table in the centre of the room, stands the Christmas-tree, every branch glittering with little lighted wax tapers, while all sorts of gifts and ornaments are suspended from the branches, while the larger presents lie on the table, each labeled with the name of the recipient, and perhaps bearing a bit of verse appropriate to the occasion. The Christmas-tree appears to be a very ancient custom in Germany, and is probably a remnant of the splendid and fanciful holiday pageants of the Middle Ages. Within the last twenty years it has become very popular in this country, although the good old English legend of the beneficent Santa Claus, coming down the chimney with his pack of presents to distribute in the stockings hung by the ample fire-place, has many attractions not possessed by the more glittering spectacle of the Christmas-tree. Those who look back to the Christmas mornings of thirty or forty years ago, and remember the eager delight with which they used to steal out of bed in the gray dawn to take down the stockings and scramble back to examine them at leisure before dressing, can not but regret that the pleasant old story should die out of the imagination of the children of the present day. But with the "modern improvements" of our houses in the matter of warming, the legend of Santa Claus becomes an absurdity, even to children. How could the jolly old fellow squeeze through a furnace register, or the chinks of a kitchen range? We shall have to reconcile ourselves to the naturalization of the German festival, and allow Santa Claus and the stockings to become a legend of the past.

Holiday greens are not confined to Christmas. The tree, stripped of the presents, but still bearing its pretty ornaments, generally remains untouched until after New-Year's, and the wreaths of evergreens in the window, and the trimming of the parlors and dining-room, are allowed to hang until they begin to strew the carpet with a litter of dried leaves. Our illustration on page 52 shows an evening scene at Washington Market, just before the holidays, where Christmas-trees, wreaths, and other green decorations are exposed for sale.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"LONDON fogs" have a world-wide reputation. New York has recently produced some fogs which might naturally be regarded as "first class;" but although our metropolis does not very willingly yield the palm to any other, there is no question but that the British metropolis far surpasses New York in the manufacture of fogs. During the month of December the densest and darkest fog known for several years settled down upon the great city of London, for three days paralyzing the trade of the metropolis, and indirectly affecting that of the whole country. The drenched air was poisoned with a horrible mixture of gas and coal-dust, which was suffocating to men and animals. Navigation was entirely stopped on the Thames and the canals, and in the docks many fatal accidents occurred. Omnibus drivers strayed from their regular routes into unfamiliar streets, and cabs could only make their way through town by the help of a torch-bearer at the horse's head. At mid-day it was scarcely possible to see the faintest glimmer of a lamp at half a dozen paces distant. In offices and warehouses writing was a difficult art even with gas and candles. People who had come into town on business found themselves forced to remain in such quarters as they could obtain, rather than endure the perils of the street. The imagination may picture the gloom and direful confusion of a great city thus shrouded in impenetrable mist—the darkness and oppression, the constant collisions, the perpetual detonation of the fog-signals. One incident—not unlike many others—shows the denseness of the atmosphere. One night a cab driver left his rank in the Borough Road to return home. Half an hour afterward some laborers stumbled over a horse lying across the pavement in Lower Kennington Lane. They succeeded in getting the animal upon his feet, but the cab was completely shattered, and the driver missing. It seemed wholly useless to look for him amidst the thick gloom, but not long after they fell over his dead body lying a long distance from where the horse had been found. This extraordinary fog, after resting upon London for three days, began to travel into the country, and enveloped the midland districts.

The proposed new cable from the United States to Ireland is now about half completed. It is to be 3000 nautical miles in length, and is the largest ever made. Engineers and electricians of the cable company recently came from London for the purpose of making an examination of the proposed site for the landing of the submarine cable at Rye Beach. The facilities for the termination of the cable there seemed to be satisfactory, and it will probably be landed at Rye some time next August.

What is the purpose of life-boats and life-preservers, not only on ocean steamers, but also on ordinary ferry-boats? One naturally supposes they are designed for use in case of sudden accident. But if they are so securely packed away as to be unavailable until the emergency has passed, they are of little service. On Christmas-eve an unknown man, who was supposed to be under the influence of liquor, fell overboard from a Fulton Ferry boat. There was a rush for life-preservers; but they were in the centre of the boat, fastened high up on the wall, and the unfortunate man was beyond reach before they could be obtained. Cries for help came over the water, and the passengers shouted to the pilot to lower the small boat from the upper deck. But the pilot wanted help, and the door leading to the stairs was locked, so that a long time elapsed before the boat was launched, and meanwhile the cries for help had ceased.

On Christmas-eve Alderman Woodman, of Chicago, one of the largest bakers in the city, distributed upward of six thousand loaves of bread and twenty barrels of crackers to the poor, and Alderman Jones spent the afternoon in giving poultry to the poor of his ward.

There is yet room for the spread of knowledge in our land. A young woman recently entered a photographic saloon in Massachusetts, to ask, meekly and innocently, "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

In addition to the free lectures in chemistry which are given at the Cooper Institute, there is a class in connection with that institution whose members may work in a well-appointed laboratory, under careful instructors. This class includes twenty students, who pay about ten dollars apiece each year, which partially defrays the expenses of chemicals. There are few better ways of spending money than to appropriate it to the distribution of scientific knowledge among those who, having the taste and capability, lack the means necessary to acquire a scientific education.

Indian corn has never been a popular article of food in England. The common people seem constitutionally opposed to the introduction of any thing new, and it is also said that there is a great lack of knowledge as to the various and proper modes of cooking it. A letter from the Right Hon. John Bright to a member of the Merchants' Exchange of Cincinnati was recently published in the *Commercial* of that city. He stated that he had consulted with Mr. Buckmaster, who has been giving lectures on cooking in London and vicinity in regard to the use of Indian corn in England, and that he should "urge him and those with whom he is associated to arrange for some provision by which all that is known in the States with respect to Indian corn may also be known in this country." Mr. Bright further remarked: "We have always to import a large portion of our food, and it seems very strange that an article of such great consumption with you should be so little favored or known among us."

The Detroit man who "knew exactly what to do at a fire," when he saw little flames creeping around the chimney of a house he was passing by, first dashed into the house, then shouted "fire!" next overturned a bureau, and then bid one of the family go and sound the alarm. He then snatched up a table, ran into the yard, sent another boy to sound the alarm, ran in, and began to pull a bed to pieces, and ordered the women to throw every thing out-of-doors. Having got the bedstead down, and ordered a third boy to sound the fire-alarm, he carefully carried out a door-mat and a wood-box. The next thing was to throw a looking-glass out the window, and pull the baby's crib to pieces. Meanwhile another man had put out the fire with one pail of water, and came upon the scene of action just in time to prevent the hero from throwing the piano down cellar to make room for himself to work.

During the process of opening a sewer in Sheffield, England, a seam of coal was brought to view, and the fuel now so valuable in the old country, because the supply is supposed to be limited, was thrown up by the workmen. Presently an extraordinary scene was witnessed. Hundreds of women and children from the humbler classes in the neighborhood appeared with baskets, buckets, pails, sacks, and all kinds of receptacles, and commenced vigorously to gather the coal. It was not a little labor to separate the coal from the earth and stone, but the people were patient, and, though enterprising and energetic, behaved with a fair degree of decorum.

Victoria is the name given to a large tract of land in the western part of Kansas, which has been recently purchased by a wealthy English capitalist—Mr. George Grant—for colonization. The soil of this region is exceedingly fertile, and the whole country well watered, and it is confidently expected that in the course of time those vast plains will be covered with waving grain. But skill, labor, and money are needful to bring about such a result. Mr. Grant owns 550 square miles in Victoria, and is possessed of ample capital. Already he has flocks and herds, and early in the spring he expects to bring over from England large importations of cattle, as well as several families to settle on his great farm. That section of country is considered to be healthy, and next summer a church and a commodious school-house will be erected.

A singular sort of a society has been formed in Belgium. Its announced object is to collect waste paper, and sell it for the benefit of the Pope. The society has made an appeal to all possessors of "bad books, such as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Volney, and other detestable authors," to surrender them for "waste paper."

The Dairy Reform Company of London has appointed a board of examiners, under whose direction a medical and veterinary examination of the employés and stock on each farm is to be made each week. These reports are to be posted upon bulletins at the company's city office, where they may be inspected by customers and the public. This measure is a result of the recent typhoid epidemic in London, and designed to secure the public confidence.

If we ever visit the Chinese empire we trust we shall be preserved from sickness during our sojourn there. The Madras *Standard* gives a curious account of the Chinese pharmacopœia. The favorite Celestial remedies would scarcely be popular in this country. Boiled crickets are considered excellent as a blood-purifier. Snake-skin mixed with egg and certain roots is a specific for jaundice, and a decoction of spiders and green snakes is regarded as a certain cure for skin diseases. To quiet a fever patient, scorpions, dried and powdered, are administered. Butterflies are made into plasters, and the skin of the porcupine into pills. Cooling and strengthening drinks are compounded from deer and rhinoceros horns, and dragon's teeth, ground up, are recommended for liver difficulties. From this list we decidedly choose butterfly plaster for all diseases. If made with the wings, that might not be so bad.

A touching incident recently occurred in Poughkeepsie. A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the child's hand, and asked where she was going.

"Down town to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

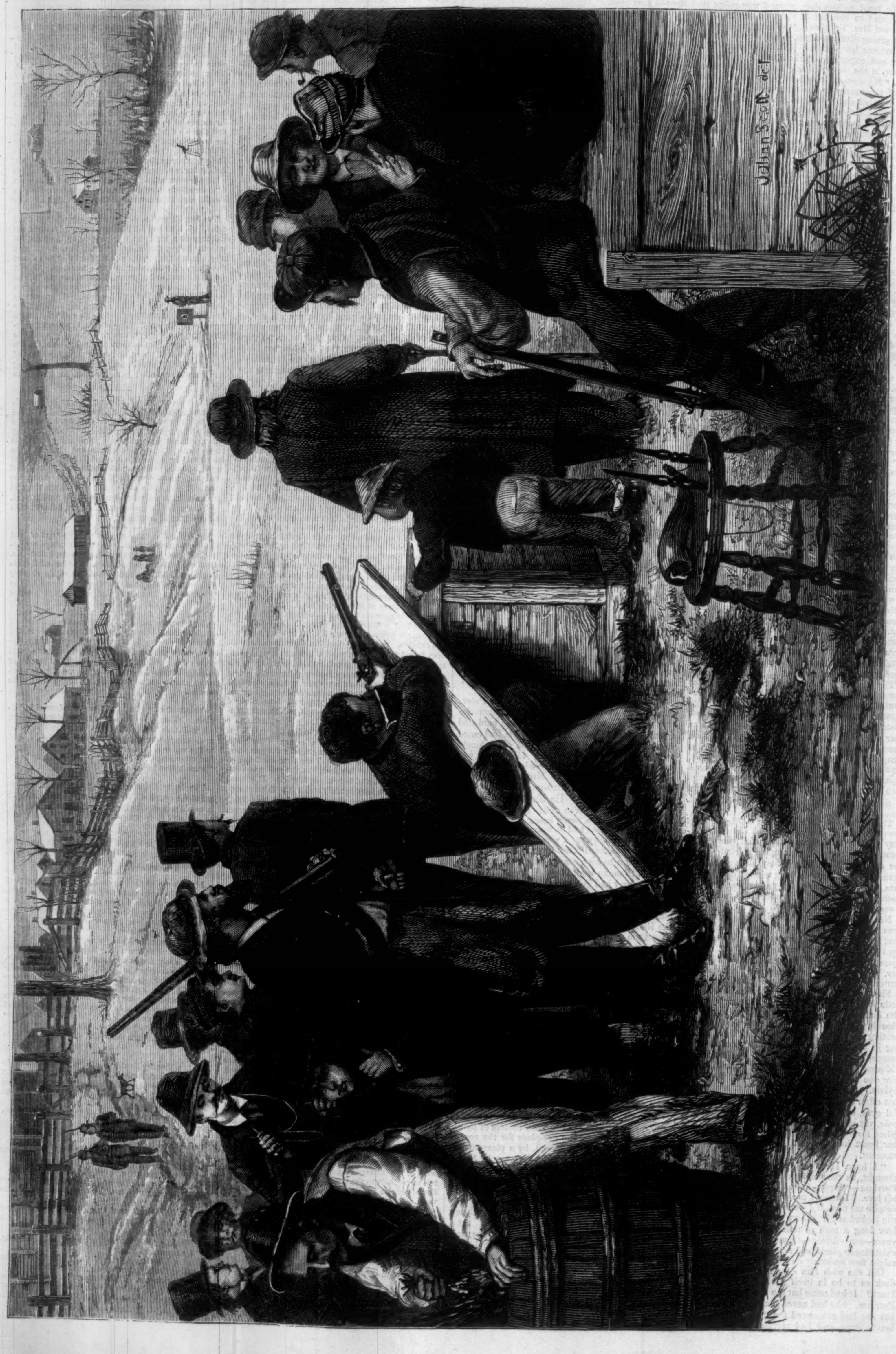
The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.


Julian Scott del

TURKEY-SHOOTING.—[SEE PAGE 61.]

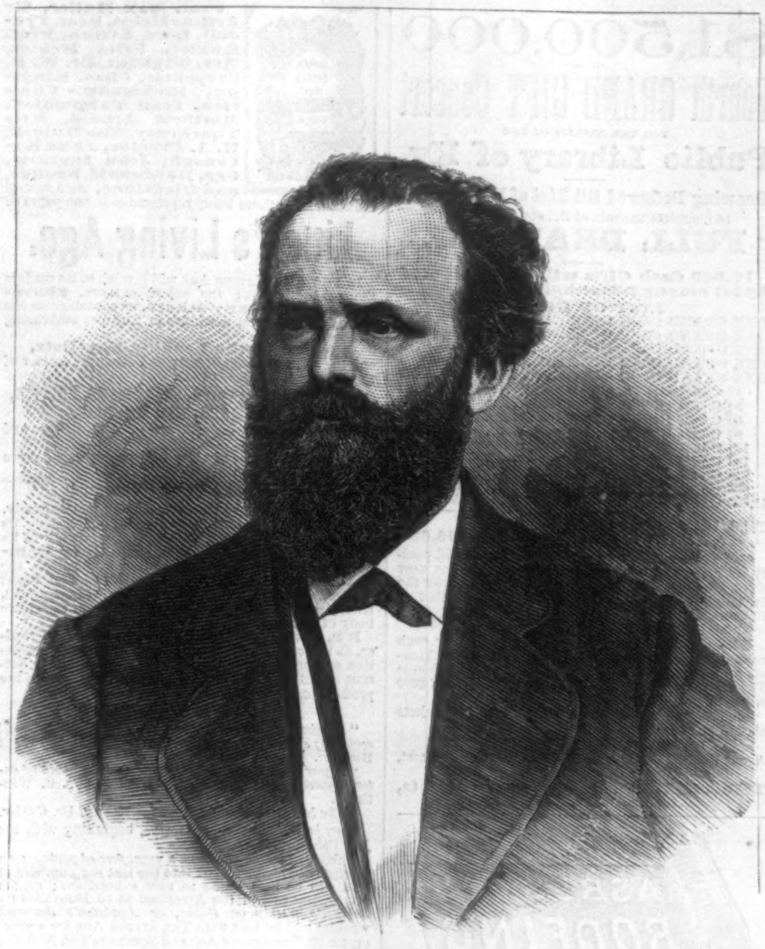
GENERAL JAMES L. KEMPER.

General Kemper, who took the oath of office as Governor of Virginia on the 1st inst., is a native of Madison County, which is in that section of the State known as Piedmont Virginia. He is in his fiftieth year, having been born in the month of January, 1824. He received his education at Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute (both located at Lexington), taking the degree of M.A. at the former institution, now known as the Washington-Lee University.

After he attained his majority he entered the law office of Judge George W. Summers, in Charleston, Kanawha County, and while worrying over Coke and Blackstone, was commissioned a Captain in the volunteer army by President James K. Polk in 1847, and joined General Taylor's army just after the victory and capture of Buena Vista, too late to see active service.

Upon his return to Virginia, and while engaged in the practice of his profession, Captain Kemper was elected to the Legislature as a Delegate from his native county, and was elected successively from 1852 to 1862. For a number of years he served as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; he was also president of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, and Speaker of the House of Delegates in 1861, which position he resigned to enter the Confederate army, as Colonel of the Seventh Virginia Infantry, May 2, 1861. He participated in many engagements, and was early promoted to the command of a brigade. He was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner, and held as such for three months, when he was finally exchanged.

After his exchange and return to Virginia he was for a long time unfit for any duty, but was assigned to command the local defense troops in and around Richmond, and commissioned a Major-General June, 1864, which position he held until the evacuation of Richmond, April 3, 1865. Since the close of the war General Kemper has been engaged in the practice of his profession in his native county, Madison. In the last Presidential contest he was a Greeley and Brown Elector for the State at large.



GOVERNOR KEMPER, OF VIRGINIA.

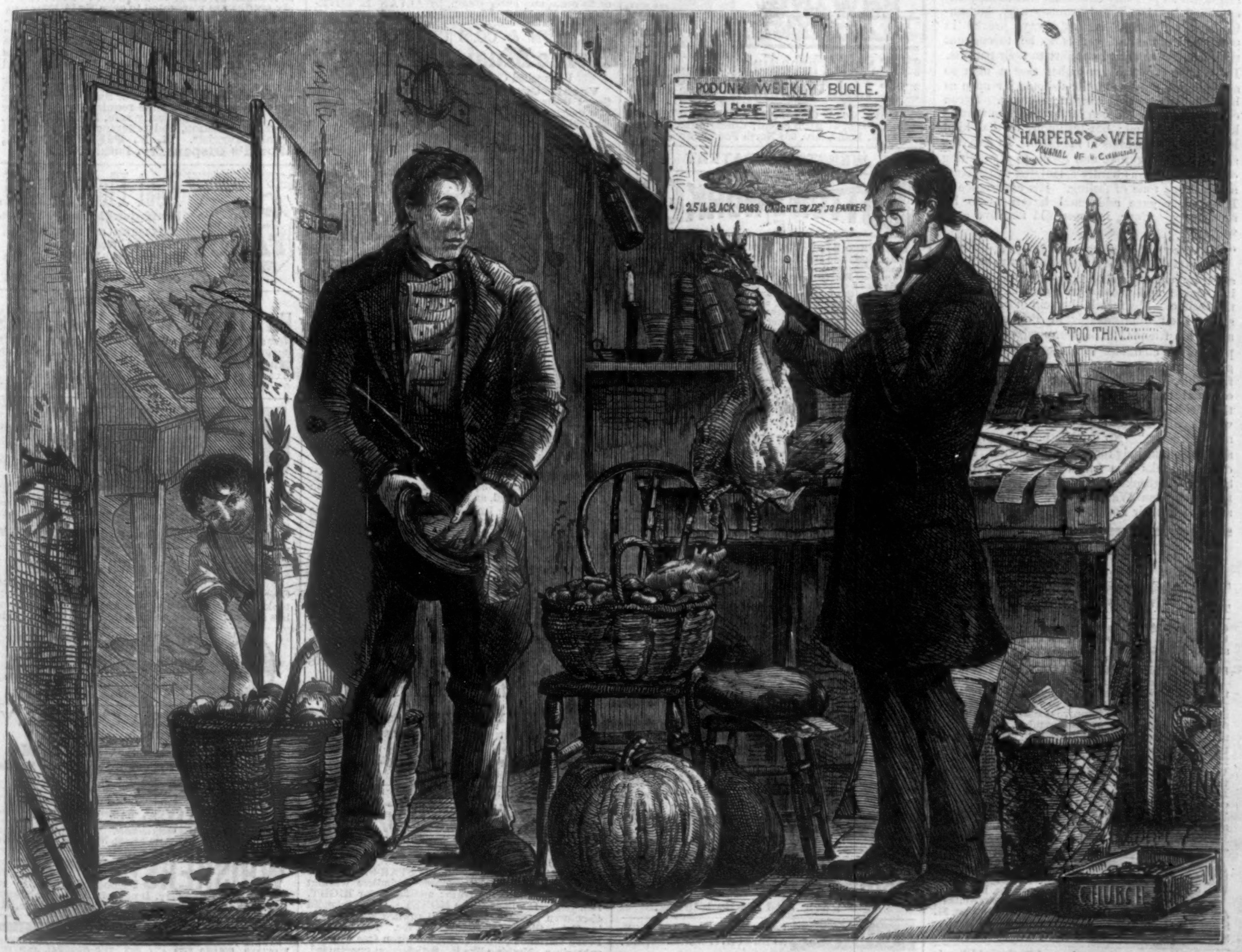
THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

The wide dissemination of the metropolitan press by means of railroad facilities has not lessened the importance of the country newspaper in its own district. A thousand rural events of strictly local interest, which never find their way into the city newspapers, are duly chronicled in its columns for the information of its patrons; and its summary of news, made up from exchanges, is the only means by which many of its readers receive intelligence of what is going on in the great world outside, as there are still many villagers and farmers in districts remote from great cities who take only the local paper, except possibly some religious journal. Within two or three years the labor of editing country newspapers has been greatly diminished by several news associations established in New York and one or two Western cities for the purpose of furnishing what are technically termed "patent insides"—that is, two pages of selections are made up and printed for each paper connected with the association, leaving the other two pages to be made up and printed at the country office. Sometimes an amusing and embarrassing mistake results from this practice. An instance occurred during the last political campaign in Ohio, where the "patent" inside of a Democratic paper was inadvertently made the vehicle of a severe attack on the party candidate for Governor. The unfortunate editor was unable to explain to the satisfaction of his readers that he had no hand in making up the page containing the obnoxious paragraph.

The country editor in our illustration is not receiving a Christmas present from a gratified and grateful subscriber, as some of our readers might suppose. He is considering whether the products of rural industry displayed before him are an equivalent for the price of a year's subscription to the *Podunk Weekly Bugle*. It would seem to be liberal, but it must be considered that he probably received a great deal of the same kind of stuff, and that the payment of a little hard cash would be an agreeable variety. One can not run a newspaper office on turkey, pig, and pumpkin alone. There are paper and ink bills to be paid, to say nothing of other expenses which must be settled with greenbacks. But the young farmer is not likely to be turned away, and the *Podunk Weekly Bugle* will probably enliven his fireside every Saturday evening of 1874.

TURKEY-SHOOTING.

This pastime—it can not be characterized as "sport"—is much in vogue in some parts of the country during the holiday season. There are various ways of conducting it. Sometimes the turkeys are put up by the owner, to be shot at singly for so much a chance; sometimes they are purchased by a party of young fellows who club together for the purpose, the turkeys being the prize of the fortunate marksman whose rifle-ball puts an end to their existence. The shooting is always with the rifle, at long range, with or without rest at the choice of the marksman. There is nothing exciting about a "turkey-shoot." The victim has no chance, and is often wounded several times before a lucky shot puts an end to its sufferings. It is a principle with the true sportsman to give his intended victim a chance for life, and he would never think of shooting a bird except on the wing. To fasten the turkey on a platform to be shot at by a dozen persons from a rest is taking an unfair advantage of the creature. It is mere target practice, and no person worthy of the name of a sportsman would take part in this tame and cruel pastime. It should be discouraged by every humane person, as it is discountenanced by every lover of true sport.



THE COUNTRY EDITOR—PAYING THE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION.—[Drawn by F. S. Church.]

POPE AS A MORALIST.

POPE does not lay down any propositions unfamiliar to other moralists, nor, it is to be feared, enforce them by preaching of more than usual effectiveness. His denunciations of avarice, of corruption, and of sensuality were probably of little more practical use than his denunciation of dullness. The "men not afraid of God" were hardly likely to be deterred from selling their votes to Walpole by fear of Pope's satire. He might

> "Goad the prelate slumbering in his stall"

sufficiently to produce the episcopal equivalent for bad language, but he would hardly interrupt his slumbers for many moments, and, on the whole, he might congratulate himself, without making many sacrifices in the good cause, on being animated by

> "The strong antipathy of good to bad."

Without exaggerating its importance, however, we may seek to define the precise point on which Pope's morality differed from that of many other writers who have expressed their general approval of the Ten Commandments. A healthy strain of moral feeling is useful, though we can not point to the individuals whom it has restrained from picking pockets. The defective side of the morality of good sense is that it tends to cynicism, either of the indolent variety, which commended itself to Chesterfield, or of the more vehement sort, of which Swift's writings are the most powerful embodiment. A shrewd man of the world of placid temperament accepts placidly the conclusion that as he can see through a good many people, virtue generally is a humbug. If he has grace enough left to be soured by such a conclusion, he raves at the universal corruption of mankind. Now Pope, notwithstanding his petty spite and his sympathy with the bitterness of his friends, always shows a deep tenderness of nature, which preserves him from sweeping cynicism. He really believes in human nature, and values life for the power of what Johnson calls reciprocation of benevolence. The beauty of his affection for his father and mother, and for his old nurse, breaks pleasantly through the artificial language of his letters, like a sweet spring in barren ground. When he touches upon the subject in his poetry, one seems to see tears in his eyes, and to hear his voice tremble. There is no more beautiful passage in his writings than the one in which he expresses the hope that he may be spared

> "To rock the cradle of reposing age,
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep a while one parent from the sky."

Here at least he is sincere beyond suspicion, and we know from unimpeachable testimony that the sentiment so perfectly expressed was equally exemplified in his life. It sounds easy, but unfortunately the ease is not always proved in practice, for men of genius to be throughout their lives an unmixed comfort to their parents. It is unpleasant to remember that a man so accessible to tender emotions should jar upon us by his language about women generally. Byron countersigns the opinion of Bolingbroke that he knew the sex well; but testimony of that kind hardly prepossesses us in his favor. In fact, the school of Bolingbroke and Swift, to say nothing of Wycherley, was hardly calculated to generate a chivalrous tone of feeling. His experience of Lady Mary gave additional bitterness to his sentiments. Pope, in short, did not love good women—

> "Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair,"

as he impudently tells a lady—as a man of genius ought; and women have generally returned the dislike. Meanwhile the vein of benevolence shows itself unmistakably in Pope's language about his friends. Thackeray seizes upon this point of his character in his lectures on the English humorists, and his powerful, if rather too favorable, description brings out forcibly the essential tenderness of the man, who, during the lucid intervals of his last illness, was "always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends." No English poet has ever paid so many exquisitely turned compliments. Whenever he speaks of a friend he coins a proverb. Swift, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Cobham, Lyttelton, and even Walpole have poetical medals stamped in their honor.

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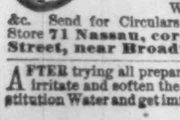

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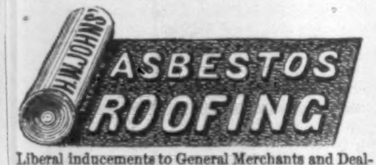

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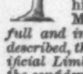
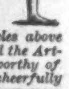

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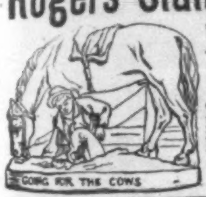

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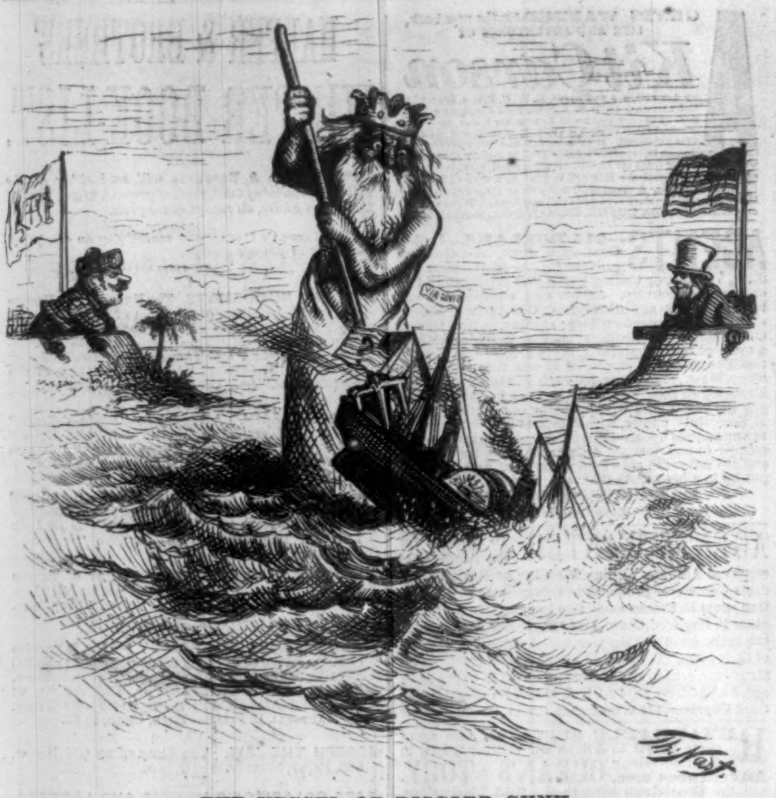

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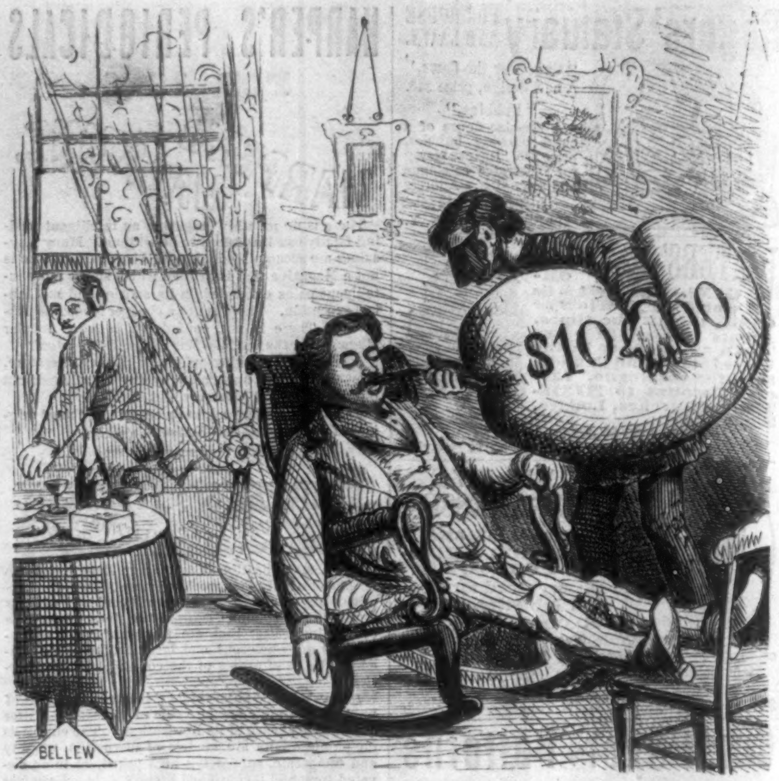

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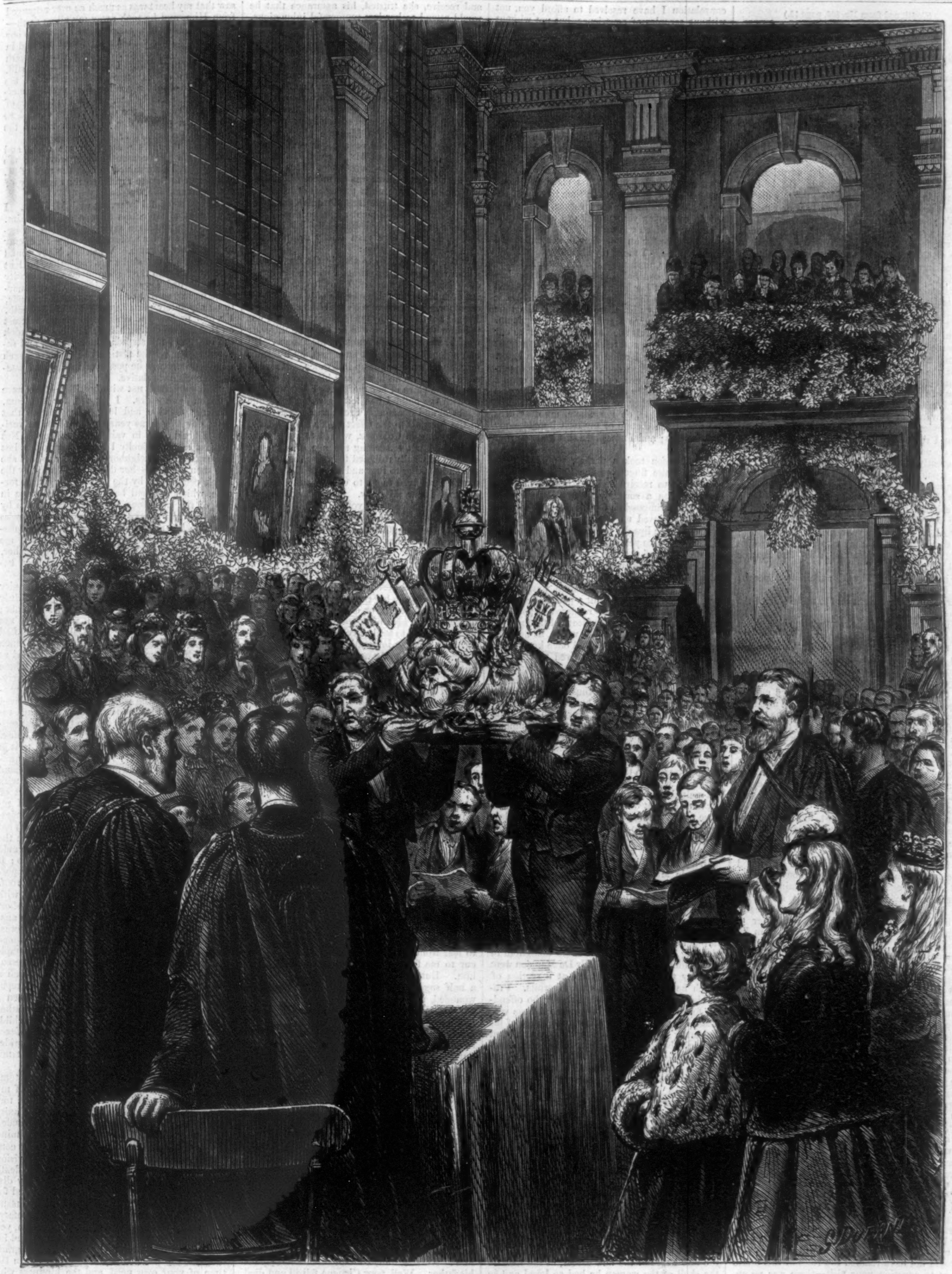


CARRYING THE BOAR'S HEAD AT OXFORD ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

CARRYING THE BOAR'S HEAD.

THE brave days of old in "Merrie England" were, if rude and unrefined, at least distinguished by a hearty and profuse hospitality. During the Christmas holidays open house was kept by the barons and knights, and for a fortnight and upward nothing was heard of but revelry and feasting. The grand feast, however, given by the feudal chieftain to his friends and retainers, took place with great pomp and circumstance on Christmas-day. Among the dishes served up on this important occasion the boar's head was first at the feast and foremost on the board. Heralded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by strains of merry minstrelsy, it was carried into the banqueting hall on a platter of gold or silver by the sewer, who, as he advanced at the head of the stately procession of lords and ladies, sang a quaint strain in honor of "the chief dish in the land." The brawner's head was then placed upon the table with a solemn gravity befitting the dignity of such a noble dish.

> "Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread;
> His foaming tusks with some large pippin graced,
> Or midst those thundering spears an orange placed;
> Sauce, like himself, offensive to its foes,
> The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose."

The latter condiment was indispensable. An old book of instruction for the proper service of the royal table says, emphatically, "First set forth mustard with brawn; take your knife in your hand, and cut brawn in the dish as it lieth, and lay on your sovereign's trencher, and *see there be mustard!*"

When Christmas, in the time of the Commonwealth, was threatened with extinction by act of Parliament, the tallow-chandlers loudly complained that they could find no sale for their mustard because of the diminished consumption of brawn in the land. Parliament failed to put down Christmas, but the boar's head never recovered its old supremacy at the table. Still, its memory was cherished in some nooks and corners of Old England long after it had ceased to rule the roast. The lessee of the tithes of Horn Church, Essex, had every Christmas to provide a boar's head, which, after being dressed and garnished with bay, was wrestled for in a field adjoining the church.

The custom of serving up this ancient dish at Queen's College, Oxford, to a variation of the old carol, sprung, according to the university legend, from a valorous act of a student of the college in question. While walking in Shotover Forest, deeply immersed in the study of his Aristotle, he was suddenly charged by a ferocious wild boar, which rushed upon him open-mouthed. With great presence of mind, the collegian thrust the philosopher's ethics down the boar's throat, and having choked the savage with the sage, went on his way rejoicing. The commemoration of this remarkable feat is shown in the engraving on this page.

(Continued from No. 888, page 19.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER IV.

DE MAULÉON was somewhat surprised by Raoul's visit the next morning. He had no great liking for a kinsman whose politely distant reserve toward him, in contrast to poor Enguerrand's genial heartiness, had much wounded his sensitive self-respect; nor could he comprehend the religious scruples which forbade Raoul to take a soldier's share in the battle-field, though in seeking there to save the lives of others so fearlessly hazarding his own life.

"Pardon," said Raoul, with his sweet mournful smile, "the unseasonable hour at which I disturb you. But your duties on the ramparts and mine in the hospital begin early, and I have promised the Abbé Vertpré to communicate a message of a nature which perhaps you may deem pressing." He proceeded at once to repeat what the Abbé had communicated to him the night before relative to the illness and the request of the nun.

"Louise Duval!" exclaimed the Vicomte—"discovered at last, and a *religieuse!* Ah! I now understand why she never sought me out when I re-appeared at Paris. Tidings of that sort do not penetrate the walls of a convent. I am greatly obliged to you, M. de Vandemar, for the trouble you have so kindly taken. This poor nun is related to me, and I will at once obey the summons. But this convent *des*— I am ashamed to say I know not where it is. A long way off, I suppose?"

"Allow me to be your guide," said Raoul; "I should take it as a favor to be allowed to see a little more of a man whom my lost brother held in such esteem."

Victor was touched by this conciliatory speech; and in a few minutes more the two men were on their way to the convent on the other side of the Seine.

Victor commenced the conversation by a warm and heart-felt tribute to Enguerrand's character and memory. "I never," he said, "knew a nature more rich in the most endearing qualities of youth; so gentle, so high-spirited, rendering every virtue more attractive, and redeeming such few faults or foibles as youth so situated and so tempted can not wholly escape, with an urbanity not conventional, not artificial, but reflected from the frankness of a genial temper and the tenderness of a generous heart. Be comforted for his loss, my kinsman. A brave death was the proper crown of that beautiful life."

Raoul made no answer, but pressed gratefully the arm now linked within his own. The companions walked on in silence, Victor's mind settling on the visit he was about to make to the niece so long mysteriously lost, and now so unexpectedly found. Louise had inspired him with a certain interest from her beauty and force of character, but never with any warm affection. He felt relieved to find that her life had found its close in the sanctuary of the convent. He had never divested himself of a certain fear, inspired by Louvier's statement, that she might live to bring scandal and disgrace on the name he had with so much difficulty, and after so lengthened an anguish, partially cleared in his own person.

Raoul left De Mauléon at the gate of the convent, and took his way toward the hospitals where he visited, and the poor whom he relieved.

Victor was conducted silently into the convent *parloir*, and after waiting there several minutes the door opened, and the Supérieure entered. As she advanced toward him, with stately step and solemn visage, De Mauléon recoiled, and uttered a half-suppressed exclamation that partook both of amaze and awe. Could it be possible? Was this majestic woman, with the grave, impassible aspect, once the ardent girl whose tender letters he had cherished through stormy years, and only burned on the night before the most perilous of his battle-fields? This the one, the sole one, whom in his younger dreams he had seen as his destined wife? It was so—it was. Doubt vanished when he heard her voice; and yet how different every tone, every accent, from those of the low, soft, thrilling music that had breathed in the voice of old!

"M. de Mauléon," said the Supérieure, calmly, "I grieve to sadden you by very mournful intelligence. Yesterday evening, when the Abbé undertook to convey to you the request of our Sister Ursula, although she was beyond mortal hope of recovery—as otherwise you will conceive that I could not have relaxed the rules of this house so as to sanction your visit—there was no apprehension of immediate danger. It was believed that her sufferings would be prolonged for some days. I saw her late last night before retiring to my cell, and she seemed even stronger than she had been for the last week. A sister remained at watch in her cell. Toward morning she fell into apparently quiet sleep, and in that sleep she passed away." The Supérieure here crossed herself, and murmured pious words in Latin.

"Dead! my poor niece!" said Victor, feelingly, roused from his stun at the first sight of the Supérieure by her measured tones, and the melancholy information she so composedly conveyed to him. "I can not, then, even learn why she so wished to see me once more—or what she might have requested at my hands!"

"Pardon, M. le Vicomte. Such sorrowful consolation I have resolved to afford you, not without scruples of conscience, but not without sanction of the excellent Abbé Vertpré, whom I summoned early this morning to decide my duties in the sacred office I hold. As soon as Sister Ursula heard of your return to Paris she obtained my permission to address to you a letter, subjected, when finished, to my perusal and sanction. She felt that she had much on her mind which her feeble state might forbid her to make known to you in conversation with sufficient fullness; and as she could only have seen you in presence of one of the sisters, she imagined that there would also be less restraint in a written communication. In fine, her request was that, when you called, I might first place this letter in your hands, and allow you time to read it, before being admitted to her presence, when a few words, conveying your promise to attend to the wishes with which you would then be acquainted, would suffice for an interview in her exhausted condition. Do I make myself understood?"

"Certainly, madame—and the letter?"

"She had concluded last evening; and when I took leave of her later in the night, she placed it in my hands for approval. M. le Vicomte, it pains me to say that there is much in the tone of that letter which I grieve for and condemn. And it was my intention to point this out to our sister at morning, and tell her that passages must be altered before I could give to you the letter. Her sudden decease deprived me of this opportunity. I could not, of course, alter or erase a line—a word. My only option was to suppress the letter altogether, or give it you intact. The Abbé thinks that, on the whole, my duty does not forbid the dictate of my own impulse—my own feelings; and I now place this letter in your hands."

De Mauléon took a packet, unsealed, from the thin white fingers of the Supérieure, and, as he bent to receive it, lifted toward her eyes eloquent with a sorrowful, humble pathos, in which it was impossible for the heart of a woman who had loved not to see a reference to the past which the lips did not dare to utter.

A faint, scarce perceptible blush stole over the marble cheek of the nun; but, with an exquisite delicacy, in which survived the woman while reigned the nun, she replied to the appeal:

"M. Victor de Mauléon, before, having thus met, we part forever, permit a poor *religieuse* to say with what joy—a joy rendered happier because it was tearful—I have learned through the Abbé Vertpré that the honor which, as between man and man, no one who had once known you could ever doubt, you have lived to vindicate from calumny."

"Ah! you have heard that—at last, at last!"

"I repeat—of the honor thus deferred I never doubted." The Supérieure hurried on: "Greater joy it has been to me to hear from the same venerable source that, while found bravest among the defenders of your country, you are clear from all alliance with the assailants of your God. Continue so, continue so, Victor de Mauléon."

She retreated to the door, and then turned toward him with a look in which all the marble had melted away, adding, with words more formally nun-like, yet unmistakably woman-like, than those which had gone before, "That to the last you may be true to God is a prayer never by me omitted."

She spoke, and vanished.

In a kind of dim and dream-like bewilderment Victor de Mauléon found himself without the walls of the convent. Mechanically, as a man does when the routine of his life is presented to him, from the first Minister of State to the poor clown at a suburban theatre, doomed to appear at their posts, to prose on a Beer Bill or grin through a horse-collar, though their hearts are bleeding at every pore with some household or secret affliction—mechanically De Mauléon went his way toward the ramparts at a section of which he daily drilled his raw recruits. Proverbial for his severity toward those who offended, for the cordiality of his praise of those who pleased his soldierly judgment, no change of his demeanor was visible that morning, save that he might be somewhat milder to the one, somewhat less hearty to the other. This routine duty done, he passed slowly toward a more deserted, because a more exposed, part of the defenses, and seated himself on the frozen sward alone. The cannon thundered around him. He heard unconsciously: from time to time an *obus* hissed and splintered close at his feet: he saw with abstracted eye. His soul was with the past; and, brooding over all that in the past lay buried, there came over him a conviction of the vanity of the human earth-bounded objects for which we burn or freeze far more absolute than had grown out of the worldly cynicism connected with his worldly ambition. The sight of that face, associated with the one pure romance of his reckless youth, the face of one so estranged, so serenely aloft from all memories of youth, of romance, of passion, smote him in the midst of the new hopes of the new career, as the look on the skull of the woman he had so loved and so mourned, when disburied from her grave, smote the brilliant noble who became the stern reformer of La Trappe. And while thus gloomily meditating, the letter of the poor Louise Duval was forgotten. She whose existence had so troubled and crossed and partly marred the lives of others—she, scarcely dead, and already forgotten by her nearest of kin. Well—had she not forgotten, put wholly out of her mind, all that was due to those much nearer to her than is an uncle to a niece?

The short, bitter, sunless day was advancing toward its decline before Victor roused himself with a quick, impatient start from his reverie, and took forth the letter from the dead nun.

It began with expressions of gratitude, of joy at the thought that she should see him again before she died, thank him for his past kindness, and receive, she trusted, his assurance that he would attend to her last remorseful injunctions. I pass over much that followed in the explanation of events in her life sufficiently known to the reader. She stated as the strongest reason why she had refused the hand of Louvier her knowledge that she should in due time become a mother—a fact concealed from Victor, secure that he would then urge her not to annul her informal marriage, but rather insist on the ceremonies that would render it valid. She touched briefly on her confidential intimacy with Madame Marigny, the exchange of name and papers, her confinement in the neighborhood of Aix, the child left to the care of the nurse, the journey to Munich to find the false Louise Duval was no more. The documents obtained through the agent of her easy-tempered kinsman, the late Marquis de Rochebriant, and her subsequent domestication in the house of the Von Rudesheims—all this it is needless to do more here than briefly recapitulate. The letter then went on:

"While thus kindly treated by the family with whom nominally a governess, I was on the terms of a friend with Signor Ludovico Cicogna, an Italian of noble birth. He was the only man I ever cared for. I loved him with frail human passion. I could not tell him my true history. I could not tell him that I had a child: such intelligence would have made him renounce me at once. He had a daughter, still but an infant, by a former marriage, then brought up in France. He wished to take her to his house, and his second wife to supply the place of her mother. What was I to do with the child I had left near Aix? While doubtful and distracted, I read an advertisement in the journals to the effect that a French lady, then staying in Coblentz, wished to adopt a female child not exceeding the age of six—the child to be wholly resigned to her by the parents, she undertaking to rear and provide for it as her own. I resolved to go to Coblentz at once. I did so. I saw this lady. She seemed in affluent circumstances, yet young, but a confirmed invalid, confined the greater part of the day to her sofa by some malady of the spine. She told me very frankly her story. She had been a professional dancer on the stage, had married respectably, quitted the stage, become a widow, and shortly afterward been seized with the complaint that would probably for life keep her a secluded prisoner in her room. Thus afflicted, and without tie, interest, or object in the world, she conceived the idea of adopting a child that she might bring up to tend and cherish her as a daughter. In this the imperative condition was that the child should never be resought by the parents. She was pleased by my manner and appearance: she did not wish her adopted daughter to be the child of peasants. She asked me for no references—made no inquiries. She said cordially that she wished for no knowledge that, through any indiscretion of her own, communicated to the child, might lead her to seek the discovery of her real parents. In fine, I left Coblentz on the understanding that I was to bring the infant, and if it pleased Madame Surville, the agreement was concluded.

"I then repaired to Aix. I saw the child. Alas! unnatural mother that I was, the sight only more vividly brought before me the sense of my own perilous position. Yet the child was lovely! a likeness of myself, but lovelier far, for it was a pure, innocent, gentle loveliness. And they told her to call me '*Maman.*' Oh, did I not relent when I heard that name? No; it jarred on my ear as a word of reproach and shame. In walking with the infant toward the railway station, imagine my dismay when suddenly I met the man who had been taught to believe me dead. I soon discovered that his dismay was equal to my own—that I had nothing to fear from his desire to claim me. It did occur to me for a moment to resign his child to him. But when he shrank reluctantly from a half suggestion to that effect, my pride was wounded, my conscience absolved. And, after all, it might be unsafe to my future to leave with him any motive for retracing me. I left him hastily. I have never seen nor heard of him more. I took the child to Coblentz. Madame Surville was charmed with its prettiness and prattle—charmed still more when I rebuked the poor infant for calling me '*Maman,*' and said, 'Thy real mother is here.' Freed from my trouble, I returned to the kind German roof I had quitted, and shortly after became the wife of Ludovico Cicogna.

"My punishment soon began. His was a light, fickle, pleasure-hunting nature. He soon grew weary of me. My very love made me unamiable to him. I became irritable, jealous, exacting. His daughter, who now came to live with us, was another subject of discord. I knew that he loved her better than me. I became a harsh step-mother; and Ludovico's reproaches, vehemently made, nursed all my angriest passions. But a son of this new marriage was born to myself. My pretty Luigi! how my heart became wrapped up in him! Nursing him, I forgot resentment against his father. Well, poor Cicogna fell ill and died. I mourned him sincerely; but my boy was left. Poverty then fell on me—poverty extreme. Cicogna's sole income was derived from a post in the Austrian dominion in Italy, and ceased with it. He received a small pension in compensation; that died with him.

"At this time an Englishman, with whom Ludovico had made acquaintance in Venice, and who visited often at our house in Verona, offered me his hand. He had taken an extraordinary liking to Isaura, Cicogna's daughter by his first marriage. But I think his proposal was dictated partly by compassion for me, and more by affection for her. For the sake of my boy Luigi I married him. He was a good man, of retired learned habits with which I had no sympathy. His companionship overwhelmed me with *ennui.* But I bore it patiently for Luigi's sake. God saw that my heart was as much as ever estranged from Him, and he took away my all on earth—my boy. Then in my desolation I turned to our Holy Church for comfort. I found a friend in the priest, my confessor. I was startled to learn from him how guilty I had been—was still. Pushing to an extreme the doctrines of the Church, he would not allow that my first marriage, though null by law, was void in the eyes of Heaven. Was not the death of the child I so cherished a penalty due to my sin toward the child I had abandoned?

"These thoughts pressed on me night and day. With the consent and approval of the good priest, I determined to quit the roof of M. Selby, and to devote myself to the discovery of my forsaken Julie.

"I had a painful interview with M. Selby. I announced my intention to separate from him. I alleged as a reason my conscientious repugnance to live with a professed heretic—an enemy to our Holy Church. When M. Selby found that he could not shake my resolution, he lent himself to it with the forbearance and generosity which he had always exhibited. On our marriage he had settled on me five thousand pounds, to be absolutely mine in the event of his death. He now proposed to concede to me the interest on that capital during his life, and he undertook the charge of my step-daughter Isaura, and secured to her all the rest he had to leave—such landed property as he possessed in England passing to a distant relative.

"So we parted, not with hostility—tears were shed on both sides. I set out for Coblentz. Madame Surville had long since quitted that town, devoting some years to the round of various mineral spas in vain hope of cure. Not without some difficulty I traced her to her last residence in the neighborhood of Paris, but she was then no more—her death accelerated by the shock occasioned by the loss of her whole fortune, which she had been induced to place in one of the numerous fraudulent companies by which so many have been ruined. Julie, who was with her at the time of her death, had disappeared shortly after it—none could tell me whither; but from such hints as I could gather, the poor child, thus left destitute, had been betrayed into sinful courses.

"Probably I might yet by searching inquiry have found her out; you will say it was my duty at least to institute such inquiry. No doubt; I now remorsefully feel that it was. I did not think so at the time. The Italian priest had given me a few letters of introduction to French ladies with whom, when they had sojourned at Florence, he had made acquaintance. These ladies were very strict devotees, formal observers of those decorums by which devotion proclaims itself to the world. They had received me not only with kindness, but with marked respect. They chose to exalt into the noblest self-sacrifice the act of my leaving M. Selby's house. Exaggerating the simple cause assigned to it in the priest's letter, they represented me as quitting a luxurious home and an idolizing husband rather than continue intimate intercourse with the enemy of my religion. This new sort of flattery intoxicated me with its fumes. I recoiled from the thought of shattering the pedestal to which I had found myself elevated. What if I should discover my daughter in one from the touch of whose robe these holy women would recoil as from the rags of a leper! No; it would be impossible for me to own her—impossible for me to give her the shelter of my roof. Nay, if discovered to hold any commune with such an outcast, no explanation, no excuse short of the actual truth, would avail with these austere judges of human error. And the actual truth would be yet deeper disgrace. I reasoned away my conscience. If I looked for example in the circles in which I had obtained reverential place, I could find no instance in which a girl who had fallen from virtue was not repudiated by her nearest relatives. Nay, when I thought of my own mother, had not her father refused to see her, to acknowledge her child, for no other offense than that of a *mésalliance* which wounded the family pride? That pride, alas! was in my blood—my sole inheritance from the family I sprang from.

"Thus it went on, till I had grave symptoms of a disease which rendered the duration of my life uncertain. My conscience awoke and tortured me. I resolved to take the veil. Vanity and pride again! My resolution was applauded by those whose opinion had so swayed my mind and my conduct. Before I retired into the convent from which I write I made legal provision as to the bulk of the fortune which, by the death of M. Selby, has become absolutely at my disposal. One thousand pounds amply sufficed for dotation to the convent: the other four thousand pounds are given in trust to the eminent notary, M. Nadaud, Rue ——. On applying to him, you will find that the sum, with the accumulated interest, is bequeathed to you—a tribute of gratitude for the assistance you afforded me in the time of your own need, and the kindness with which you acknowledged our relationship and commiserated my misfortunes.

"But oh, my uncle, find out—a man can do so with a facility not accorded to a woman—what has become of this poor Julie, and devote what you may deem right and just of the sum thus bequeathed to place her above want and temptation. In doing so, I know you will respect my name: I would not have it dishonor you, indeed.

"I have been employed in writing this long letter since the day I heard you were in Paris. It has exhausted the feeble remnants of my strength. It will be given to you before the interview I at once dread and long for, and in that interview you will not rebuke me. Will you, my kind uncle? No, you will only soothe and pity!

"Would that I were worthy to pray for others, that I might add, 'May the Saints have you in their keeping, and lead you to faith in the Holy Church, which has power to absolve from sins those who repent as I do.'"

The letter dropped from Victor's hand. He took it up, smoothed it mechanically, and with a dim, abstracted, bewildered, pitiful wonder. Well might the Supérieure have hesitated to allow confessions, betraying a mind so little regulated by genuine religious faith, to pass into other hands. Evidently it was the paramount duty of rescuing from want or from sin the writer's forsaken child that had overborne all other considerations in the mind of the Woman and the Priest she consulted.

Throughout that letter what a strange perversion of understanding! what a half-unconscious confusion of wrong and right! the duty marked out so obvious and so neglected—even the religious sentiment awakened by the conscience so dividing itself from the moral instinct! the dread of being thought less religious by obscure comparative strangers stronger than the moral obligation to discover and reclaim the child for whose errors, if she had erred, the mother who so selfishly forsook her was alone responsible! even at the last, at the approach of death, the love for a name she had never made a self-sacrifice to preserve unstained, and that concluding exhortation—that reliance on a repentance in which there was so qualified a reparation!

More would Victor de Mauléon have wondered had he known those points of similarity in character, and in the nature of their final bequests, between Louise Duval and the husband she had deserted. By one of those singular coincidences which, if this work be judged by the ordinary rules presented to the ordinary novel-reader, a critic would not unjustly impute to defective invention in the author, the provision for this child, deprived of its natural parents during their lives, is left to the discretion and honor of trustees, accompanied, on the part of the consecrated Louise and "the blameless King," with the injunction of respect to their worldly reputations—two parents so opposite in condition, in creed, in disposition, yet assimilating in that point of individual character in which it touches the wide vague circle of human opinion. For this, indeed, the excuses of Richard King are strong, inasmuch as the secrecy he sought was for the sake not of his own memory, but that of her whom the world knew only as his honored wife. The conduct of Louise admits no such excuse; she dies as she had lived—an Egoist. But, whatever the motives of the parents, what is the fate of the deserted child? What revenge does the worldly opinion which the parents would escape for themselves inflict on the innocent infant to whom the bulk of their worldly possessions is to be clandestinely conveyed? Would all the gold of Ophir be compensation enough for her?

Slowly De Mauléon roused himself, and turned from the solitary place where he had been seated to a more crowded part of the ramparts. He passed a group of young *Moblots*, with flowers wreathed round their gun-barrels. "If," said one of them, gayly, "Paris wants bread, it never wants flowers." His companions laughed merrily, and burst out into a scurrile song in ridicule of St. Trochu. Just then an *obus* fell a few yards before the group. The sound only for a moment drowned the song, but the splinters struck a man in a coarse, ragged dress, who had stopped to listen to the singers. At his sharp cry, two men hastened to his side: one was Victor de Mauléon; the other was a surgeon, who quitted another group of idlers—National Guards—attracted by the shriek that summoned his professional aid. The poor man was terribly wounded. The surgeon, glancing at De Mauléon, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered, "Past help!" The sufferer turned his haggard eyes on the Vicomte, and gasped out, "M. de Mauléon?"

"That is my name," answered Victor, surprised, and not immediately recognizing the sufferer.

"Hist, Jean Lebeau! look at me—you recollect me now—Marc le Roux, *concierge* to the secret council. Ay, I found out who you were long ago—followed you home from the last meeting you broke up. But I did not betray you, or you would have been murdered long since. Beware of the old set—beware of—of—" Here his voice broke off into shrill exclamations of pain. Curbing his last agonies with a powerful effort, he faltered forth, "You owe me a service—see to the little one at home—she is starving." The death-*râle* came on; in a few moments he was no more.

Victor gave orders for the removal of the corpse, and hurried away. The surgeon, who had changed countenance when he overheard the name in which the dying man had addressed De Mauléon, gazed silently after De Mauléon's retreating form, and then, also quitting the dead, rejoined the group he had quitted. Some of those who composed it acquired evil renown later in the war of the Communists, and came to disastrous ends: among that number the Pole, Dombinsky, and other members of the secret council. The Italian, Raselli, was there too, but, subtler than his French *confrères*, he divined the fate of the Communists, and glided from it—safe now in his native land, destined there, no doubt, to the funereal honors and lasting renown which Italy bestows on the dust of her sons who have advocated assassination out of love for the human race.

Amidst this group, too, was a National Guard, strayed from his proper post, and stretched on the frozen ground, and, early though the hour, in the profound sleep of intoxication.

"So," said Dombinsky, "you have found your errand in vain, Citizen le Noy; another victim to the imbecility of our generals."

"And partly one of us," replied the *Médecin des Pauvres*. "You remember poor Le Roux, who kept the old *baraque* where the Council of Ten used to meet? Yonder he lies."

"Don't talk of the Council of Ten. What fools and dupes we were made by that *vieux grédin*, Jean Lebeau! How I wish I could meet him again!"

Gaspard le Noy smiled sarcastically. "So much the worse for you if you did. A muscular and a ruthless fellow is that Jean Lebeau!" Therewith he turned to the drunken sleeper, and woke him up with a shake and a kick.

"Armand—Armand Monnier, I say, rise—rub your eyes! What if you are called to your post? What if you are shamed as a deserter and a coward?"

Armand turned, rose with an effort from the recumbent to the sitting posture, and stared dizzily in the face of the *Médecin des Pauvres*.

"I was dreaming that I had caught by the throat," said Armand, wildly, "the *aristo* who shot my brother; and lo! there were two men, Victor de Mauléon and Jean Lebeau."

"Ah! there is something in dreams," said the surgeon. "Once in a thousand times a dream comes true."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORY OF A SEED.

ONCE upon a time, away down in Georgia, a man planted a little seed.

The sun shone warm on it, and the rain came and softened it, and it soon began to sprout. Day and night it grew, till it was high as a man's head. Buds formed all over it, and one night they burst into bloom. Beautiful cream-colored flowers they were, something like a morning-glory.

By noon the sun was too warm. The beautiful blossoms shut their leaves and hung their heads, and before night each cream-colored flower dropped off. Where each one had been was a little germ.

This little green germ grew and grew till it was as big as an egg, when it burst open and threw out a long beautiful fluff of cotton several inches long.

It was a cotton seed, of course.

Then a man—a negro—came and tore the cotton from its boll, put it into a basket with others like it, and carried it to a room where were hundreds of pounds of cotton. In the room was a busy machine, and into that machine the cotton was thrown.

This cotton, you must know, is full of seeds. Very troublesome little fellows they are, too, for they have no idea of leaving their comfortable home, and it's very hard to get them out.

I'll tell you how the machine does it. As the cotton goes in it comes to a roller covered with wire teeth. These teeth seize the cotton and draw it through a sort of grating, so fine that the seeds can't get through, so they just stay on the outside.

As the roller goes around it comes to a brush roller, which brushes off the cotton as nicely as any brush can do it. Then the cotton is packed in a bale, and sent to the cotton mills.

Now the cotton that came from the little seed away off in Georgia is by this time very dirty, and what do you suppose comes next? A bath? No; what's good for boys isn't so good for cotton. It gets—a beating. It is laid on a sort of net-work, and beaten with bundles of twigs. The dirt falls through the net-work, and then the cotton is called "batting."

But the cotton from the seed I'm telling about don't stop at batting. It is very fine and nice, and it goes to the carding-machine. This machine lays all the threads one way by drawing it through sets of wire teeth.

It comes out on to a roller, and is taken off by still another roller, on which it looks like a wide fleecy ribbon. But it don't keep that pretty look very long. It is drawn through a funnel, which makes it small and much firmer. It isn't fine enough yet, however, and it goes between another set of rollers. I wonder if there's any thing that can't be done with rollers!

When it comes out pressed quite firm it is called roving, and is ready to be spun.

You'll hardly believe me, but the spinning is done on a mule!

It's a very peculiar mule, I must admit, made of wood and iron, and carrying twenty-two hundred spindles. So it spins twenty-two hundred threads at once, and is a wonderful machine, if it has a funny name.

It spins the loose roving into a much finer thread, slightly twisted. This thread next runs through a gas flame to burn off the little fuzz, then over a brush to take off the ashes, and then through a hole in a brass plate just the size of the thread.

Then it is wound in skeins, and put up in five or ten pound bundles.

After all these travels the thread has a little rest before it starts through the last machine—the one that makes the soft cotton into the solid strong thread we buy on spools to sew with.

The skeins are wound on to bobbins, and put on the machine. Six of the fine threads start together.

Look on a spool, and you'll read, "Best six-cord cotton." That means, as I said, that six of these threads are united to make our sewing-thread.

But I must tell you how they go. First over a glass rod, and through a little trough of water; then between rollers to press them tightly together. Leaving the rollers, they go down, twisting as they go, to where a spool is fastened. There it is regularly wound on, a firm smooth thread, while the spool moves slowly up and down as it winds, so as to make regular layers of it.

Now the fruit of the little cotton seed has become a beautiful spool of thread, ready for a useful life. Before it goes out into the world it is ornamented at each end with a round paper, gummed and stuck on by some child. The last paper is put over the end of the thread to keep it from getting loose, and then it is put into packages of a dozen spools.

You've seen fine thread, perhaps as fine as No. 200, which we use on sewing-machines, but what would you say to thread No. 600, only one-third the size of that? And how would you like to see that cobweb thread actually woven into lace?

At the great Exhibition in London such fine lace was shown. And, almost as wonderful, a piece of muslin woven of thread No. 460. It was so delicate that when laid on the grass and wet it could not be seen.

You know how large a roll of batting is. Well, it can be stretched out so as to be more than a thousand miles long. That is thread No. 2100.

It seems too wonderful to be true, but many fictions invented by poets and story writers are not half so wonderful as many common things that every day pass under our observation.

PRINCE RAMJI ROWDEDOW.

I CAN not say that Slushton-on-the-Sloshy is a likely town in which to make a great theatrical benefit. I can not say that Slushton is a good town for theatricals in any way or shape, or that the inhabitants of Slushton patronize either the Thespian art or any other art, or any science, amusement, or pursuit of any kind whatsoever, with much enthusiasm. I can not say that Slushton is a fine town or a pretty town; unless, indeed, your idea of architectural beauty is confined to one interminable street of undeviatingly ugly houses, intersected by an infinite number of smaller streets, if possible more ugly than the chief thoroughfare, and surrounded on all sides by a rising neighborhood—a rising neighborhood dotted with hideous manufactories, which start up, like grimy demons, with outstretched wings of brick and mortar, to shut out the country. And, O reader! what on the surface of God's earth as man has marred it is more frightful than a rising neighborhood? A row of newly finished houses, a row of unfinished ditto, and a patch of waste land—ring the changes on these as you will, and get beauty out of them if you can; and only so much beauty can you get out of a rising neighborhood.

I can not say that the Sloshy is a beautiful river, or that the muddy banks thereof are pleasant walking, or that any mortal, not an inhabitant of Slushton, ever expressed admiration for its dirty waters, on which dismal black barges lie at anchor.

One peculiarity of Slushton is that its working classes are always on strike at the very period when a dramatic company enters the town. You are greeted with the intelligence that the weavers are out, and not likely to be in for a couple of months. You should have come last year; you would have done wonders last year. But unfortunately you are not in the habit of going to places last year.

Now I had the honor to be, for three seasons, first low comedian of the Theatre Royal, Slushton; and for the first two seasons I had the honor to take benefits, whereat my labors to please were rewarded by a limited circle of from three to seven in the boxes, a dreary sprinkling in the pit, and a row and a half or so in the gallery. Now if you deduct £7 for the expenses of the house, as computed by the manager, thirty shillings for printing, an odd pound or so for properties, not a little money spent in the pursuit of that diplomatic process called benefit-making, you won't get much of a surplus out of £4 10*s.*, two-thirds of which surplus, if there were one, would go to the lessee. Therefore my benefits, during the first two seasons in which I had the honor of appearing at Slushton, were not so profitable as to justify my leaving the profession—unless, indeed, I had retired upon my losses.

The third season was drawing to a close, and Slushton was, if possible, in a state of greater stagnation than usual. The weavers had made a most obstinate strike of it, and the only thing stirring was a penny subscription to keep these contumacious weavers from starvation. I looked around as I stood pensively on the banks of the Sloshy, and meditated on my chances of filling the crazy old Theatre Royal on Wednesday, the 19th instant, which night had been set apart for the benefit of Mr. John Miffs. Now I had, in the course of my professional career, beheld one marvel in theatrical statistics, or shall I say play-going human nature?—*i. e.*, that however poor the inhabitants of the town, however high the price of the quartern loaf, however great the demand for blue ruin, with its attendant ills of starvation and crime, however you may have been assured again and again that the people can not come to the theatre because they have actually not the money to pay for admission, let Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, or Mr. Sothern, Mr. Charles Mathews, Signora Patti, or Mr. Buckstone—let, I say, any of these aforesaid artists, or many others I could mention, put out an announcement in capitals three feet high of their intention to appear at the Theatre Royal, Anywhere, and lo! that theatre is immediately filled. Now I don't know whether it was an inspiration or not, but at the very moment when Venus rose pale in an opal evening sky, her beautiful face feebly mirrored in the grimy waters of the Sloshy, I suddenly exclaimed, "A star!" Yes, I would have a star to play for my benefit, and thus fill the theatre.

But then, what star? I had not the pleasure of Mr. Buckstone's acquaintance, and if I had, was it likely that distinguished comedian would withdraw himself from the part in which he was at that time delighting his friends in the Haymarket for my pleasure and profit? I didn't know Mr. Sothern, but I knew enough of that gentleman to think it scarcely probable he would choose the Theatre Royal, Slushton, wherein to commence his great tour in the provinces. I didn't know the talking fish; I hadn't even a single pig-faced lady among my acquaintances. What star? Ah, Venus, shining with serene radiance above the smoke-cloud that envelops Slushton, could you only help me with a suggestion! If the Shah of Persia had been in England, he might have obliged me by taking a private box and exhibiting himself in state apparel to Slushton. And if the Shah of Persia, why not an Indian prince? Yes, above all things an Indian prince! A most brilliant idea! I registered a vow as I stood on that bridge in the twilight. I would have an Indian prince to play for my benefit.

I am not of a lymphatic temperament. I believe, indeed, I come rather under the head of the sanguine-nervous, but I leave that question in physiology to the decision of the intelligent reader, when I inform him that the next morning every patch of paling, every blank wall, every house in Chancery, every stray shutter of every shop to let, was pasted with a staring red-and-blue announcement of the first and only appearance of his highness Prince Ramji Rowdedow, from the kingdom of Rumculliduffinstan, between the Ganges and the Himalayas, for the benefit of Mr. John Miffs; while in the principal windows of the town were exhibited well-engraved full-length portraits of an imposing individual of the mulatto race in a gorgeous costume of the character usually worn by that interesting black gentleman who is familiar to all students of the Shakspearean drama.

Depressed as was the aspect of trade in Slushton, my notion took. There was, from the first issuing of the bills, considerable excitement in the town on the subject of the Indian prince. The very printer who set up the bills offered to do so at a lower rate on condition of being one of the favored few who were to form a little deputation to meet the prince at the railway station. Of course there were many inquiries as to why the royal personage had left his native land; and his popularity rose tremendously, especially among the fairer portion of the community, when I explained that he had been deposed from the royal musnud by a benighted people on account of the advancement and enlightenment of his opinions, especially with reference to polygamy and widow-burning. He was announced to appear in the character of Obi; and the fact of a native prince from the distant land of Bramah and Juggernaut coming down to Slushton-on-the-Sloshy to enact that hero of romance did not appear to the intelligent townsmen of Slushton at all a strange occurrence. A foreign prince, a talking fish, or Mr. Charles Mathews—what are any such institutions intended for but to minister to the amusement, gratify the admiring gaze, and stimulate the organ of wonder of the inhabitants of Slushton? For these good people, I think, had a very limited belief in the actual existence of any world beyond the rising neighborhood which bounded their own town.

Wednesday, the 19th instant, arrived, and the whole theatre-going populace of Slushton was on the *qui vive*, while the question as to how and when his highness from the principality of Rumculliduffinstan would enter the town was freely discussed. Be it understood, these good people were quite assured that the prince was coming all the way from the shores of the Ganges for their amusement. Had they thought for a moment that his exiled highness might be a lodger in Marylebone, or a rate-payer of St. Pancras, the whole zest of the thing would have been gone.

Even at the theatre, among my companion votaries of Thespis, there was not a little curiosity; and I was compelled, with that beautiful candor which distinguishes me, to admit to one or two of my intimates that my friend Rowdedow was not, in sober earnest, actually a prince, being in point of fact the kitmutghur of a rich indigo planter, who had accompanied his master to England, and who had been dismissed from that service on account of a suspected leaning toward the worship of the goddess Kali, the tutelary divinity of the Thugs, or stranglers, sometimes called Noosers. The damask cheek of my friend Percy Deloraine, *jeune premier*, blanched somewhat at this revelation, and he expressed a strong objection against acting in the same piece with his highness; but on my assuring him that, if treated with a cold and distant respect, Ramji was the best fellow breathing, he consented to oblige me.

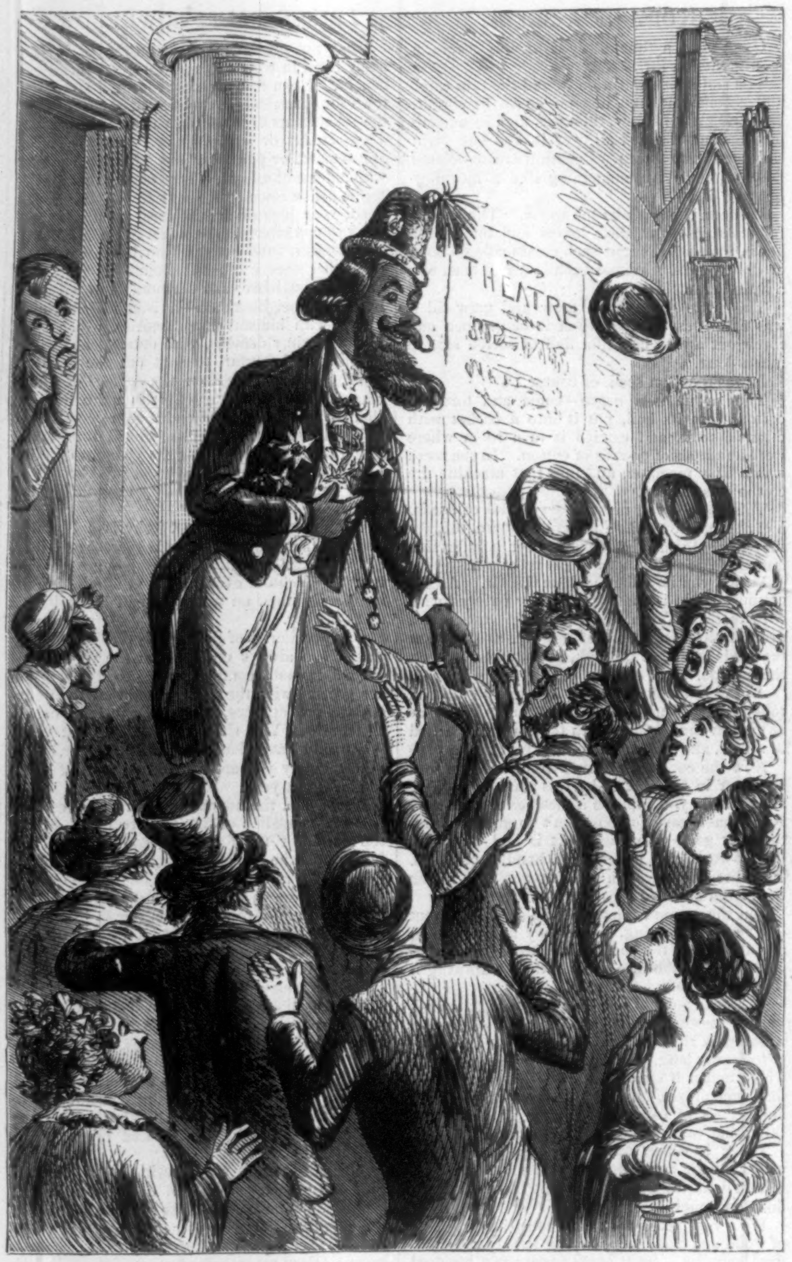
The prince, I informed my manager and brother actors, would not arrive until an hour or two before the commencement of the performance, as important business—no less, in fact, than an interview with the chief of the English government concerning his restoration to that vast territory which extends from the western arm of the Ganges to the distant source of the Oxus, as I added, somewhat recklessly, with a view to local coloring—would detain him in London. I therefore read his part at rehearsal, arranged his entrances and exits, and went through all his stage business. I also planned the construction and adornment of a temporary dressing-room, to be erected by the property-man for my royal friend's convenience, and made all arrangements necessary for the honorable reception of the royal personage. As I left the theatre, after that morning's rehearsal, a crowd of dirty little boys, and one respectable maid-servant with a baby and a perambulator, did me the honor to accompany me in a little impromptu procession to my residence. Whether they imagined I might keep the prince in my pocket, or in a sealed bottle, like the genie in the *Arabian Nights*, I know not; but they evidently thought their best chance of beholding the Oriental potentate lay in not losing sight of me. Now this persistent attention on the part of the public, honorable as it was to all concerned, was also somewhat embarrassing to me, as I had a good deal of work to accomplish (of a kind that must remain a secret to the British public) before his royal highness Ramji Rowdedow could possibly blaze like the sun in his Oriental splendor before the dazzled eyes of Slushton. For this I had need of a friend—a friend on whom I could rely—in whose hand I could lay my own, and say, "Here is the soul incapable of treachery, here is the tongue never known to betray," or in the more figurative language of Seven Dials, "This 'ere's the cove wot never rounded on his pal."

Such a friend I could boast in the person of Mr. Richard Wittington, eccentric comedian; and to him I went. What passed between us I do not intend to reveal, but our parting agreement was to the following effect: Wittington pledged himself to superintend the reception of his highness. For this purpose he was to hire the largest and most splendid open vehicle to be procured from the King's Arms livery-yard, and a pair of white horses, with which equipage he was to proceed, at a quarter past five o'clock, to the railway station. He was also to hire an inferior vehicle, in which a portion of the band belonging to the theatre—namely, clarionet, cornet, and big drum—should be seated, to give effect to the procession with such soul-stirring melodies as *See the conquering Hero*, *Rule, Britannia*, the march in *Blue-beard*, etc. This my friend Wittington was to do unaided, while I departed to a distant village, some ten miles up the line, to arrange a small matter of business which it was impossible for me to postpone.

The hour came; the procession started in the following order from the King's Arms: fly and pair—yellow body, pink striped chintz lining, chocolate wheels; Mr. Richard Wittington seated solus in the vehicle, looking, strange to say, rather nervous than elated at the prospect of receiving his serene highness. Nextly, the second best fly—green body, red wheels, and leopard-skin chintz lining—a showy, impressive equipage, in which were seated the clarionet, cornet, flute, and big drum attached to the theatre, the big drum nearly filling the interior of the vehicle, and somewhat obscuring the distinguished musicians seated therein. This imposing procession of two carriages was followed by an immense crowd, composed of half the population of Slushton. Of course the worthy citizens, being out of work, had nothing better to do than to pay their respects to the royal foreigner, and to show him, in the deliberate and piercing stare of the well-bred Englishman, the distinguishing mark of British hospitality.

Arrived at the station, which, with that regard to public convenience which generally characterizes the station of a provincial town, was about a mile from the High Street, Mr. Wittington alone descended from his vehicle, and entered the gates of the building. He expressed a request to his friends and the public that they would not accompany him any farther, as their appearance in too abrupt a manner might disconcert the modest disposition of the great Ramji. This mild request, however, did not prevent Mr. Bulkins, of the King's Arms (renowned for possessing great sporting acumen, and being always able to name the outsider that won't win the Derby or the Leger), Mrs. Pottash, the washer-woman, her daughter, Miss Pottash (in her best bonnet of scarlet velvet and pearl beads, a cheerful and summery head-gear), Miss Hooxanise, the dress-maker's apprentice, three nurse-maids, sixteen babies, and several other enterprising individuals, from penetrating to the very door of the second-class carriage, from which, with that unaffected humility which distinguishes those who are born in the purple, descended the illustrious Rowdedow.

Now most of the inhabitants of Slushton were well acquainted with the private life and domestic afflictions of Othello, the noble Moor; and it occurred to all present that the prince bore a very strong resemblance to that individual as he would appear after exchanging his costly robes for a badly fitting dress-coat from the emporium of Messrs. Moses & Sons. The noble physiognomy of the prince, it is marvelous to add, recalled to several among the play-going population of Slushton a face they had seen somewhere before, though the recollection was so vague as to make very little impression on those not over-impressionable citizens. His complexion, of a brownish-black, was relieved by a crimson glow which illumined his cheeks, and threw out the whites of his eyes with Oriental brilliancy. His long sleek hair, of rather a bluish-black (in the sun it looked purple), was worn with the ends rolled under, after the manner of gentlemen of the equestrian persuasion. He wore a large beard and mustache, which imparted something of ferocity to his otherwise mild (sooth to say, somewhat timorous) expression of countenance. He wore a magnificent fez cap, surmounted by a rich (though rather tarnished) gold tassel, and decorated with two or three large brooches (somewhat in the style of those which issue from the hands of the theatrical ornament-makers of Birmingham and Bow Street), but which, no doubt, were the royal jewels of his imperial race; he also wore on the ample breast of his dress-coat, which was a little white about the seams, two or three stars and crosses, besides that noble quadruped, the elephant, usually worn by his youthful highness, Hamlet the Dane. A superb crescent of tin-foil, mounted on red cloth, shimmered in the dim obscurity of his waistcoat, and, seen from a distance, impressed the young mind with the idea of the diamonds of Golconda. His costume was completed by a pair of white duck trowsers, patent-leather alberts, a bamboo cane, and an eyeglass, it being only becoming in royalty to be short-sighted. Nothing could exceed the *empressement* with which Mr. Wittington greeted the prince; he conversed with him apart in a foreign language, with characteristic gesticulation, which was eminently gratifying to the lookers-on; he preceded him to the carriage, hat in hand, walking backward—yes, actually walking backward, a feat by which he cruelly punished the corns of the aggrieved populace who pressed close behind him. He also handed the exiled potentate into the pink striped fly, and seated himself respectfully opposite, with his back to the horses. Then arose such a shout as perhaps since the days when the Reform Bill passed had never been heard in Slushton—a shout of friendly welcome for the dark scion of a princely race, who sat bowing, smiling, and displaying a set of faultlessly white teeth to the admiring citizens. The band began, at a wink from my friend Wittington, to play *See the conquering Hero*, etc., which, as within no one's knowledge had the person ever been in battle, was of course highly appropriate. The two flies set off at a foot-pace, the delighted populace on either side. They were charmed with the prince's bow; they were enraptured with the prince's smile; and "Oh, look at his teeth!" yes, an audible murmur was heard among the throng—"look at his teeth!" at which, strange to say, the prince abruptly closed his mouth, and declined to exhibit his dental appendages any more. The prince was evidently of a sensitive and retiring disposition. But, above all things, the delight of the populace was the evident and demonstrative admiration evinced by his serene highness for the town and public buildings of Slushton. He expressed, in vehement pantomime, his opinion that Slushton in architectural beauty surpassed the proud towers of Delhi, the city of palaces; that the river Sloshy in natural beauty might dispute the palm with his native Ganges, or the classic Indus dear to his childhood. When Mr. Wittington pointed out to him the church of St. Bulgrumblery, the chapel of ease, the fish-market, the Baptist chapel, the post-office, and that elegant æsthetic range of buildings known as the shambles, devoted to the sale of butcher's-meat, his shrugs, nods, and gesticulations evinced such admiration as the inhabitants of the town had never beheld before, even in a new candidate for the representation of the borough. The procession was, in short, intensely successful; and my new star, the illustrious Ramji, made such a hit as I think neither Spanish dancers, talking fish, nor Mr. Charles Mathews would ever have received in Slushton.



ENTHUSIASTIC PUBLIC RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE.

But in spite of the cheers, of the heartiness of that welcome which the true-born Englishman always extends to every foreigner, there was something in the prince's manner, a shiver in the prince's manly form, a chatter about the prince's teeth, and, at the same time, a paleness of complexion, verging on the ghastly, visible in my friend Mr. Wittington, difficult to account for.

Can you, O sagacious reader! solve me this little enigma? Of course you can. I thought so. You know that it was because the great Ramji Rowdedow, illustrious heir to the principality of Rumculliduffinstan, between the Ganges and the Himalayas, was neither more nor less distinguished an individual than I, John Miffs, comedian, with the adornment of a burned cork, a pennyworth of bole Armenian, a half-pennyworth of vermilion, a great deal of crêpé hair, and an Othello wig—I, John Miffs, who had gone that morning ten miles up the line, and, at the house of a friendly innkeeper in the village of Bigglethorpe, had arrayed myself in the costly attire of the Indian potentate. I leave it to the imagination, then, of the amiable reader whether I was not a little alarmed lest that intelligent public, which loves to be gulled, but hates to find out that it has been gulled, should by any means discover the cheat that I was putting upon it. Thus, when during my triumphal progress from the station to the theatre the populace admired my teeth—I have a fine set of teeth, I confess—I shut my mouth, in mortal fear lest young Joe Mulkins, Mr. Forcep, the dentist's assistant, should see that double tooth near the front which he had stopped three days before, and which still glittered in all the first radiance of the gold filling. Who can describe the horror of that moment when a gentle and refreshing shower descended from the afternoon sky, and I dreaded to behold my complexion bedewing my shirt front, and when my friend Dick's nervous attempts to shut up that mysterious vehicle, the fly, were greeted with the anger of a ferocious crowd?

"Oh, hang it! let us see un; we've come all the way to see un; don't go for to shoot up t' coäch!" cried that unappeasable populace.

But the heavens were kind to the descendant of a royal race, and I shone out again in that beauty whose only blemish was its liability to come off.

"Put out your hand," whispered Wittington; "it looks very natural."

I placed that member, adorned with a property diamond ring, carelessly on the carriage door, and lo! the admiring crowd exclaimed as with one voice, "Look at his hand!" Indeed, one old man, a determined sight-seer, who had never quitted the wheels of our vehicle, laid hold with reverence upon my dexter paw, perhaps to discover whether that portion of an Indian prince's anatomy were the flesh and blood of every-day life. The royal cortége reached the doors of the theatre, still followed by the delighted crowd. The prince alighted from the stately vehicle, and then gracefully ascended, on the tips of his patent-leather alberts, the green-baize covered plank which the property-man, enthusiastic in the cause of exiled greatness, had placed to form an impromptu bridge leading from the curb-stone to the stage-door, so that his highness's gracious feet should not be defiled by the puddles of Slushton. At the stage-door the Oriental countenance of his serenity broke anew into a radiant smile, and he made a series of graceful bows to the crowd, which were responded to by three hearty cheers and ever so many little ones in. These culminated in a deafening shout as he disappeared within the building, while Mr. Richard Wittington closed the door firmly on the persevering populace, which immediately proceeded to the pit and gallery doors, there to await, armed with sterling coin of the realm, the commencement of the performance, and the first appearance on the boards of Slushton of a prince of the blood royal.

Within the theatre, Rowdedow was greeted with bows and smiles from the ladies and gentlemen of the company, who had dressed early for their respective parts in the drama of *Obi*, and assembled in the greenroom for the sole purpose of staring at him. There was a little attempt at conversation got up. The prince was asked his opinion of England, English manners and customs, etc., but the shrugs of his graceful shoulders, and elevations of his strongly defined eyebrows, with which he responded, evinced such an utter ignorance of the English language as rendered discourse impossible; indeed, when Mr. Spavins, a gentleman who had been in India, actually addressed him in Hindostanee, he still continued the shrug of non-comprehension, whereat that gentleman was cruelly laughed at by his compeers for having attempted a language he could not speak. "That's *your* Hindostanee, is it? You see, his excellency doesn't understand a syllable." As indeed his excellency did not.

The property-man preceded Ramji with two composite candles to the above-mentioned temporary dressing-room, and a young man who ran errands for the company requested to know, both by talking at the highest pitch of his voice (strange that foreigners do not understand our language better, when we shout it as through a ship's trumpet!) and by expressive pantomime, whether he could be any assistance in the toilet of the star. His aid was declined; and the Ramji begged, still in pantomime, to be left alone.

About this time the manager asked with considerable surprise what had become of Mr. Miffs; and the cry of "Where's Miffs?" resounded through the theatre. My friend Dick Wittington explained that as I did not play in the first piece, I had taken the opportunity of running down to some friends to sell some tickets; "or very likely," continued my friend, "he may be next door" (next door was a favorite tavern of the Thespian corps). Richard, indeed, ran into the bar and asked if any body had seen Miffs. Miffs was not to be found. He did not even make his appearance when, the last bar of the overture being played, the curtain rose to a delighted audience, and in due course the royal Obi appeared upon the boards. The prince enacted the part entirely in pantomime, applauded to the echo, and great was the wonderment of Slushton that a denizen of a distant land, the wanderer from another hemisphere, should be so well up in every little bit of Victoria business and clap-trap, familiar to them from the performance of the great Hicks. The curtain fell; the theatre rang with loud cries of "Rowdedow!" the prince appeared, his hand upon his breast, his head bent, his jaws working vigorously, as if employed in chewing betel-nut, or repeating to himself inward pæans of thanksgiving. This done, he made a general bow to the company, and in spite of numerous requests that he would take wine, brandy, ale, that he would stay to supper, that he would meet a party at the Shakspeare (aforesaid tavern next door), that he would stop and play for the manager's benefit, and so on, and so on, he insisted on departing immediately, in company with my friend Mr. Wittington. So unassuming was his disposition, so reserved his nature, that he contrived to elude the crowd waiting at the stage-door to behold him emerge. So secret were his movements, in the subtlety of his Oriental nature, that it was never known how he got to the railway station. Nay, the clerks and porters swore to the fact that no Indian whatsoever, or indeed any individual of a colored race, had left the station either that night or subsequently; and it was never known to any one in Slushton how this interesting amateur reached India, or the Ganges, or the Himalayas, or whatever his destination might be; whether his interview with Lord G—— was successful, whether he ever regained the throne of his forefathers, or any fact whatsoever connected with the illustrious Ramji Rowdedow.

Half an hour after his departure, however, I, Mr. John Miffs, turned up, ready to play in the last piece, with a black rim round my left eye, which my kind friends insinuated I had got in a fight on the previous evening. I can only say, in conclusion, that this was the best benefit I ever had in Slushton, realizing the handsome sum of twenty-seven pounds fourteen shillings and fourpence; but that, taking into account the risk I ran of being torn piecemeal by infuriated weavers had my disguise been penetrated, the money was dearly earned.

(Continued from No. 889, page 48.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

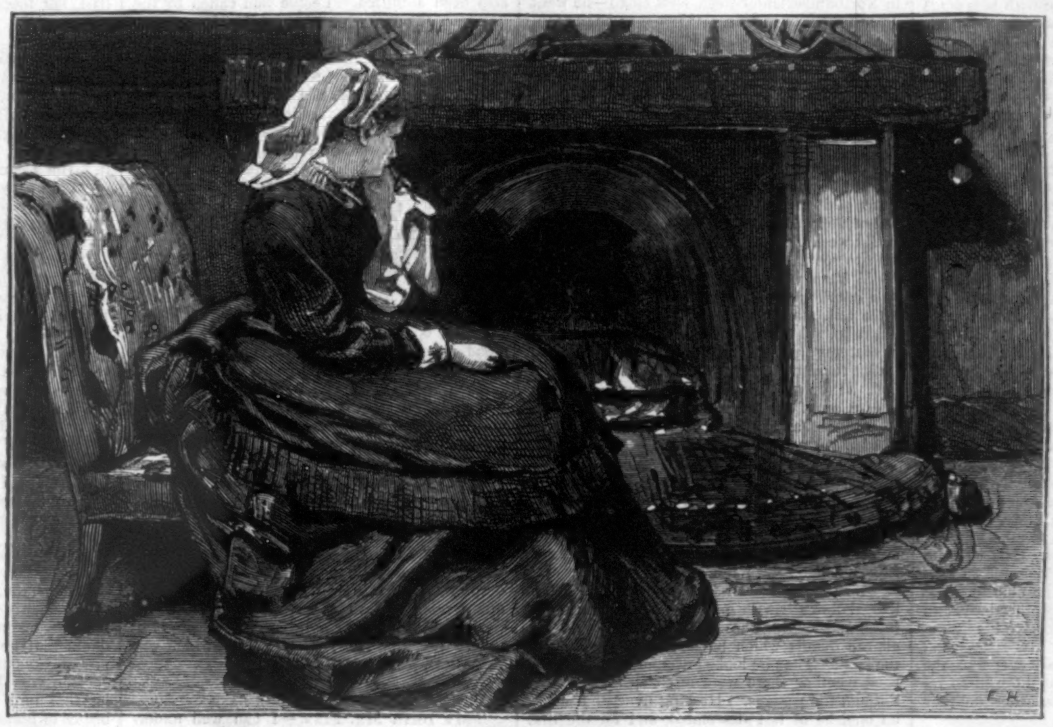
Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE VERDICT.

ON the Wednesday morning Phineas Finn was again brought into the court, and again placed in the dock. There was a general feeling that he should not again have been so disgraced; but he was still a prisoner under a charge of murder, and it was explained to him that the circumstances of the case and the stringency of the law did not admit of his being seated elsewhere during his trial. He treated the apology with courteous scorn. He should not have chosen, he said, to have made any change till after the trial was over, even had any change been permitted. When he was brought up the steps into the dock after the judges had taken their seats there was almost a shout of applause. The crier was very angry, and gave it to be understood that every body would be arrested unless every body was silent; but the Chief Justice said not a word, nor did those great men the Attorney and Solicitor General express any displeasure. The bench was again crowded with members of Parliament from both Houses, and on this occasion Mr. Gresham himself had accompanied Lord Cantrip. The two Dukes were there, and men no bigger than Laurence Fitzgibbon were forced to subject themselves to the benevolence of the under-sheriff.

Phineas himself was pale and haggard. It was observed that he leaned forward on the rail of the dock all the day, not standing upright, as he had done before; and they who watched him closely said that he never once raised his eyes on this day to meet those of the men opposite to him on the bench, although heretofore throughout the trial he had stood with his face raised so as to look directly at those who were there seated. On this occasion he kept his eyes fixed upon the speaker. But the whole bearing of the man, his gestures, his gait, and his countenance were changed. During the first long week of his trial his uprightness, the manly beauty of his countenance, and the general courage and tranquillity of his deportment had been conspicuous. Whatever had been his fears, no mark of fear had disfigured his countenance. He had for once condescended to the exhibition of any outward show of effrontery. Through six weary days he had stood there, supported by a manhood sufficient for the terrible emergency. But now it seemed that, at any rate, the outward grace of his demeanor had deserted him. But it was known that he had been ill during the last few days, and it had been whispered through the court that he had not slept at nights. Since the adjournment of the court there had been bulletins as to his health, and every body knew that the confinement was beginning to tell upon him.



"SHE SAT WEEPING ALONE."

On the present occasion the proceedings of the day were opened by the Attorney-General, who began by apologizing to the jury. Apologies to the jury had been very frequent during the trial, and each apology had called forth fresh grumbling. On this occasion the foreman expressed a hope that the Legislature would consider the condition of things which made it possible that twelve men all concerned extensively in business should be confined for fourteen days because a mistake had been made in the evidence as to a murder. Then the Chief Justice, bowing down his head and looking at them over the rim of his spectacles with an expression of wisdom that almost convinced them, told them that he was aware of no mistake in the evidence. It might become their duty, on the evidence which they had heard and the further evidence which they would hear, to acquit the prisoner at the bar; but not on that account would there have been any mistake or erroneous procedure in the court, other than such error on the part of the prosecution in regard to the alleged guilt of the prisoner as it was the general and special duty of jurors to remedy. Then he endeavored to reconcile them to their sacrifice by describing the importance and glorious British nature of their position. "My lord," said one of the jurors, "if you was a salesman, and hadn't got no partner, only a very young un, you'd know what it was to be kept out of your business for a fortnight." Then that salesman wagged his head, and put his handkerchief up to his eyes, and there was pity also for him in the court.

After that the Attorney-General went on. His learned friend on the other side—and he nodded to Mr. Chaffanbrass—had got some further evidence to submit to them on behalf of the prisoner who was still on his trial before them. He now addressed them with the view of explaining to them that if that evidence should be such as he believed, it would become his duty on behalf of the Crown to join with his learned friend in requesting the court to direct the jury to acquit the prisoner. Not the less on that account would it be the duty of the jury to form their own opinion as to the credibility of the fresh evidence which would be brought before them.

"There won't be much doubt about the credibility," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, rising in his place. "I am not a bit afraid about the credibility, gentlemen, and I don't think that you need be afraid either. You must understand, gentlemen, that I am now going on calling evidence for the defense. My last witness was the Right Honorable Mr. Monk, who spoke as to character. My next will be a Bohemian blacksmith named Praska—Peter Praska—who naturally can't speak a word of English, and, unfortunately, can't speak a word of German either. But we have got an interpreter, and I dare say we shall find out without much delay what Peter Praska has to tell us." Then Peter Praska was handed up to the rostrum for the witnesses, and the man learned in Czech and also in English was placed close to him, and sworn to give a true interpretation.

Mealyus the unfortunate one was also in court, brought in between two policemen, and the Bohemian blacksmith swore that he had made a certain key on the instructions of the man he now saw. The reader need not be further troubled with all the details of the evidence about the key. It was clearly proved that in a village near to Prague a key had been made such as would open Mr. Meager's door in Northumberland Street, and it was also proved that it was made from a mould supplied by Mealyus. This was done by the joint evidence of Mr. Meager and of the blacksmith. "And if I lose my key," said the reverend gentleman, "why should I not have another made? Did I ever deny it? This, I think, is very strange." But Mr. Emilius was very quickly walked back out of the court between the two policemen, as his presence would not be required in regard to the further evidence regarding the bludgeon.

Mr. Chaffanbrass, having finished his business with the key, at once began with the bludgeon. The bludgeon was produced, and was handed up to the bench, and inspected by the Chief Justice. The instrument created great interest. Men rose on tiptoe to look at it even from a distance, and the Prime Minister was envied because for a moment it was placed in his hands. As the large-eyed little boy who had found it was not yet six years old, there was a difficulty in perfecting the thread of the evidence. It was not held to be proper to administer an oath to an infant. But in a roundabout way it was proved that the identical bludgeon had been picked up in the garden. There was an elaborate lawyer's plan produced of the passage, the garden, and the wall, with the steps on which it was supposed that the blow had been struck, and the spot was indicated on which the child had said that he had found the weapon. Then certain workers in leather were questioned, who agreed in asserting that no such instrument as that handed to them had ever been made in England. After that two scientific chemists told the jury that they had minutely examined the knob of the instrument with reference to the discovery of human blood—but in vain. They were, however, of opinion that the man might very readily have been killed by the instrument without any effusion of blood at the moment by the blows. This seemed to the jury to be the less necessary, as three or four surgeons who had examined the murdered man's head had already told them that in all probability there had been no such effusion. When the judges went out to lunch at two o'clock the jury were trembling as to their fate for another night.

The fresh evidence, however, had been completed, and on the return of the Court Mr. Chaffanbrass said that he should only speak a very few words. For a few words he must ask indulgence, though he knew them to be irregular. But it was the speciality of this trial that every thing in it was irregular, and he did not think that his learned friend the Attorney-General would dispute the privilege. The Attorney-General said nothing, and Mr. Chaffanbrass went on with his little speech, with which he took up the greatest part of an hour. It was thought to have been unnecessary, as nearly all that he said was said again—and was sure to have been so said—by the judge. It was not his business—the business of him, Mr. Chaffanbrass—to accuse another man of the murder of Mr. Bonteen. It was not for him to tell the jury whether there was or was not evidence on which any other man should be sent to trial. But it was his bounden duty in defense of his client to explain to them that a collection of facts tending to criminate another man—which when taken together made a fair probability that another man had committed the crime—rendered it quite out of the question that they should declare his client to be guilty. He did not believe that there was a single person in the court who was not now convinced of the innocence of his client; but it was not permitted to him to trust himself solely to that belief. It was his duty to show them that, of necessity, they must acquit his client. When Mr. Chaffanbrass sat down the Attorney-General waived any right he might have of further reply.

It was half past three when the judge began his charge. He would, he said, do his best to enable the jury to complete their tedious duty, so as to return to their families on that night. Indeed, he would certainly finish his charge before he rose from the seat, let the hour be what it might; and though time must be occupied by him in going through the evidence and explaining the circumstances of this very singular trial, it might not be improbable that the jury would be able to find their verdict without any great delay among themselves. "There won't be any delay at all, my lord," said the suffering and very irrational salesman. The poor man was again rebuked, mildly, and the Chief Justice continued his charge.

As it occupied four hours in the delivery, of which by far the greater part was taken up in recapitulating and sifting evidence with which the careful reader, if such there be, has already been made too intimately acquainted, the account of it here shall be very short. The nature of circumstantial evidence was explained, and the truth of much that had been said in regard to such evidence by Mr. Chaffanbrass admitted; but nevertheless it would be impossible—so said his lordship—to administer justice if guilt could never be held to have been proved by circumstantial evidence alone. In this case it might not improbably seem to them that the gentleman who had so long stood before them as a prisoner at the bar had been the victim of a most singularly untoward chain of circumstances, from which he would have to be liberated, should he be at last liberated, by another chain of circumstances as singular; but it was his duty to inform them now, after they had heard what he might call the double evidence, that he could not have given it to them as his opinion that the charge had been brought home against the prisoner, even had those circumstances of the Bohemian key and of the foreign bludgeon never been brought to light. He did not mean to say that the evidence had not justified the trial. He thought that the trial had been fully justified. Nevertheless, had nothing arisen to point to the possibility of guilt in another man, he should not the less have found himself bound in duty to explain to them that the thread of the evidence against Mr. Finn had been incomplete—or, he would rather say, the weight of it had been, to his judgment, insufficient. He was the more intent on saying so much, as he was desirous of making it understood that, even had the bludgeon still remained buried beneath the leaves, had the manufacturer of that key never been discovered, the great evil would not, he thought, have fallen upon them of punishing the innocent instead of the guilty—that most awful evil of taking innocent blood in their just attempt to punish murder by death. As far as he knew, to the best of his belief, that calamity had never fallen upon the country in his time. The administration of the law was so careful of life that the opposite evil was fortunately more common. He said so much because he would not wish that this case should be quoted hereafter as showing the possible danger of circumstantial evidence. It had been a case in which the evidence given as to character alone had been sufficient to make him feel that the circumstances which seemed to affect the prisoner injuriously could not be taken as establishing his guilt. But now other and opposing circumstances had been brought to light, and he was sure that the jury would have no difficulty with their verdict. A most frightful murder had no doubt been committed in the dead of the night. A gentleman coming home from his club had been killed—probably by the hand of one who had himself moved in the company of gentlemen. A plot had been made—had probably been thought of for days and weeks before—and had been executed with extreme audacity, in order that an enemy might be removed. There could, he thought, be but little doubt that Mr. Bonteen had been killed by the instrument found in the garden, and if so, he certainly had not been killed by the prisoner, who could not be supposed to have carried two bludgeons in his pocket, and whose quarrel with the murdered man had been so recent as to have admitted of no preparation. They had heard the story of Mr. Meager's gray coat, and of the construction of the duplicate key for Mr. Meager's house door. It was not for him to tell them on the present occasion whether these stories, and the evidence by which they had been supported, tended to affix guilt elsewhere. It was beyond his province to advert to such probability or possibility; but undoubtedly the circumstances might be taken by them as an assistance, if assistance were needed, in coming to a consideration on the charge against the prisoner. "Gentlemen," he said at last, "I think you will find no difficulty in acquitting the prisoner of the murder laid to his charge;" whereupon the jurymen put their heads together, and the foreman, without half a minute's delay, declared that they were unanimous, and that they found the prisoner not guilty. "And we are of opinion," said the foreman, "that Mr. Finn should not have been put upon his trial on such evidence as has been brought before us."

The necessity of liberating poor Phineas from the horrors of his position was too urgent to allow of much attention being given at the moment to this protest. "Mr. Finn," said the judge, addressing the poor broken wretch, "you have been acquitted of the odious and abominable charge brought against you, with the concurrence, I am sure, not only of those who have heard this trial, but of all your countrymen and countrywomen. I need not say that you will leave that dock with no stain on your character. It has, I hope, been some consolation to you in your misfortune to hear the terms in which you have been spoken of by such friends as they who came here to give their testimony in your behalf. It is, and it has been, a great sorrow to me to see such a one as you subjected to so unmerited an ignominy; but a man educated in the laws of his country, as you have been, and understanding its constitution fundamentally, as you do, will probably have acknowledged that, great as has been the misfortune to you personally, nothing more than a proper attempt has been made to execute justice. I trust that you may speedily find yourself able to resume your place among the legislators of the country." Thus Phineas Finn was acquitted, and the judges, collecting up their robes, trooped off from the bench, following the long line of their assessors, who had remained even to that hour to hear the last word of the trial. Mr. Chaffanbrass collected his papers, with the assistance of Mr. Wickerby, totally disregardful of his junior counsel, and the Attorney and Solicitor General congratulated each other on the successful termination of a very disagreeable piece of business.

And Phineas was discharged. According to the ordinary meaning of the words, he was now to go about his business as he pleased, the law having no further need of his person. We can understand how in common cases the prisoner discharged on his acquittal—who probably in nine cases out of ten is conscious of his own guilt—may feel the sweetness of his freedom and enjoy his immunity from danger with a light heart. He is received probably by his wife or young woman, or perhaps, having no wife or young woman to receive him, betakes himself to his usual haunts. The interest which has been felt in his career is over, and he is no longer the hero of an hour; but he is a free man, and may drink his gin-and-water where he pleases. Perhaps a small admiring crowd may welcome him as he passes out into the street, but he has become nobody before he reaches the corner. But it would not be so with this discharged prisoner, either as regarded himself and his own feelings, or as regarded his friends. When the moment came he had hardly as yet thought about the immediate future—had not considered how he would live, or where, during the next few months. The sensations of the moment had been so full, sometimes of agony and of others of anticipated triumph, that he had not attempted as yet to make for himself any schemes. The Duchess of Omnium had suggested that he would be received back into society with an elaborate course of fashionable dinners; but that view of his return to the world had certainly not occurred to him. When he was led down from the dock he hardly knew whither he was being taken, and when he found himself in a small room attached to the court, clasped on one arm by Mr. Low and on the other by Lord Chiltern, he did not know what they would propose to him, nor had he considered what answer he would make to any proposition. "At last you are safe," said Mr. Low.

"But think what he has suffered," said Lord Chiltern.

Phineas looked round to see if there was any other friend present. Certainly among all his friends he had thought most of her who had traveled half across Europe for evidence to save him. He had seen Madame Goesler last on the evening preceding the night of the murder, and had not even heard from her since. But he had been told what she had done for him, and now he had almost fancied that he would have found her waiting for him. He smiled first at the one man and then at the other, and made an effort to carry himself with his ordinary tranquillity. "It will be all right now, I dare say," he said. "I wonder whether I could have a glass of water?" He sat down while the water was brought to him, and his two friends stood over him, hardly knowing how to do more than support him by their presence.

Then Lord Cantrip made his way into the room. He had sat on the bench to the last, whereas the other two had gone down to receive the prisoner when acquitted, and with him came Sir Harry Coldfoot, the Home Secretary. "My friend," said the former, "the bitter day has passed over you, and I hope that the bitterness will soon pass away also." Phineas again attempted to smile as he held the hand of the man with whom he had formerly been associated in office.

"I should not intrude, Mr. Finn," said Sir Harry, "did I not feel myself bound in a special manner to express my regret at the great trouble to which you have been subjected." Phineas rose and bowed stiffly. He had conceived that every one connected with the administration of the law had believed him to be guilty, and none in his present mood could be dear to him but they who had from the beginning trusted in his innocence. "I am requested by Mr. Gresham," continued Sir Harry, "to express to you his entire sympathy, and his joy that all this is at last over." Phineas tried to make some little speech, but utterly failed. Then Sir Harry left them, and he burst out into tears.

"Who can be surprised?" said Lord Cantrip. "The marvel is that he should have been able to bear it so long."

"It would have crushed me utterly long since," said the other lord. Then there was a question asked as to what he would do, and Mr. Low proposed that he should be allowed to take Phineas to his own house for a few days. His wife, he said, had known their friend so long and so intimately that she might perhaps be able to make herself more serviceable than any other lady, and at their house Phineas could receive his sisters just as he would at his own. His sisters had been lodging near the prison almost ever since the committal, and it had been thought well to remove them to Mr. Low's house, in order that they might meet their brother there.

"I think I'll go to my—own room—in Marlborough Street." These were the first intelligible words he had uttered since he had been led out of the dock, and to that resolution he adhered. Lord Cantrip offered the retirements of a country house belonging to himself within an hour's journey of London, and Lord Chiltern declared that Harrington Hall, which Phineas knew, was altogether at his service. But Phineas decided in favor of Mrs. Bunce, and to Great Marlborough Street he was taken by Mr. Low.

"I'll come to you to-morrow—with my wife," said Lord Chiltern, as he was going.

"Not to-morrow, Chiltern. But tell your wife how deeply I value her friendship." Lord Cantrip also offered to come, but was asked to wait a while. "I am afraid I am hardly fit for visitors yet. All the strength seems to have been knocked out of me this last week."

Mr. Low accompanied him to his lodgings, and then handed him over to Mrs. Bunce, promising that his two sisters should come to him early on the following morning. On that evening he would prefer to be quite alone. He would not allow the barrister even to go up stairs with him, and when he had entered his room, almost begged his weeping landlady to leave him.

"Oh, Mr. Phineas, let me do something for you!" said the poor woman. "You have not had a bit of any thing all day. Let me get you just a cup of tea and a chop."

In truth, he had dined when the judges went out to their lunch—dined as he had been wont to dine since the trial had been commenced—and wanted nothing. She might bring him tea, he said, if she would leave him for an hour. And then at last he was alone. He stood up in the middle of the room, stretching forth his hands, and putting one first to his breast and then to his brow, feeling himself as though doubting his own identity. Could it be that the last week had been real—that every thing had not been a dream? Had he in truth been suspected of a murder, and tried for his life? And then he thought of him who had been murdered, of Mr. Bonteen, his enemy. Was he really gone—the man who the other day was to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer—the scornful, arrogant, loud, boastful man? He had hardly thought of Mr. Bonteen before during those weeks of his own incarceration. He had heard all the details of the murder with a fullness that had been at last complete. The man who had oppressed him, and whom he had at times almost envied, was indeed gone, and the world for a while had believed that he, Phineas Finn, had been the man's murderer!

And now what should be his own future life? One thing seemed certain to him. He could never again go into the House of Commons, and sit there, an ordinary man of business, with other ordinary men. He had been so hacked and hewed about, so exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, so mauled by the public, that he could nevermore be any thing but the wretched being who had been tried for the murder of his enemy. The pith had been taken out of him, and he was no longer a man fit for use. He could nevermore enjoy that freedom from self-consciousness, that inner tranquillity of spirit, which are essential to public utility. Then he remembered certain lines which had long been familiar to him, and he repeated them aloud, with some conceit that they were apposite to him:

> "The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,
> For the reed that grows nevermore again,
> As a reed with the reeds in the river."

He sat drinking his tea, still thinking of himself—knowing how infinitely better it would be for him that he should indulge in no such thought—till an idea struck him, and he got up, and drawing back the blinds from the open window, looked out into the night. It was the last day of June, and the weather was very sultry, but the night was dark, and it was now near midnight. On a sudden he took his hat, and feeling, with a smile, for the latch-key, which he always carried in his pocket—thinking of the latch-key which had been made at Prague for the lock of a house in Northumberland Street, New Road—he went down to the front-door. "You'll be back soon, Mr. Finn, won't you, now?" said Mrs. Bunce, who had heard his step, and had remained up, thinking it better, this the first night of his return, not to rest till he had gone to his bed.

"Why should I be back soon?" he said, turning upon her. But then he remembered that she had been one of those who were true to him, and he took her hand and was gracious to her. "I will be back soon, Mrs. Bunce, and you need fear nothing. But recollect how little I have had of liberty lately. I have not even had a walk for six weeks. You can not wonder that I should wish to roam about a little." Nevertheless she would have preferred that he should not have gone out all alone on that night.

He had taken off the black mourning coat which he had worn during the trial, and had put on that very gray garment by which it had been sought to identify him with the murderer. So clad, he crossed Regent Street into Hanover Square, and from thence went a short way down Bond Street, and by Bruton Street into Berkeley Square. He took exactly the reverse of the route by which he had returned home from the club on the night of the murder. Every now and then he trembled as he passed some figure which might be that of a man who would recognize him. But he walked fast, and went on till he came to the spot at which the steps descend from the street into the passage—the very spot at which the murder had been committed. He looked down it with an awful dread, and stood there as though he were fascinated, thinking of all the details which he had heard throughout the trial. Then he looked around him, and listened whether there were any step approaching through the passage. Hearing none and seeing no one, he at last descended, and for the first time in his life passed through that way into Bolton Row. Here it was that the wretch of whom he had now heard so much had waited for his enemy—the wretch for whom during the last six weeks he had been mistaken. Heavens! that men who had known him should have believed him to have done such a deed as that! He remembered well having shown the life-preserver to Erle and Fitzgibbon at the door of the club; and it had been thought that, after having so shown it, he had used it for the purpose to which in his joke he had alluded. Were men so blind, so ignorant of nature, so little capable of discerning the truth as this? Then he went on till he came to the end of Clarges Street, and looked up the mews opposite to it—the mews from which the man had been seen to hurry. The place was altogether unknown to him. He had never thought whither it had led when passing it on his way up from Piccadilly to the club. But now he entered the mews so as to test the evidence that had been given, and found that it brought him by a turn close up to the spot at which he had been described as having been last seen by Erle and Fitzgibbon. When there he went on, and crossed the street, and looking back, saw that the club was lighted up. Then it struck him for the first time that it was the night of the week on which the members were wont to assemble. Should he pluck up courage, and walk in among them? He had not lost his right of entry there because he had been accused of murder. He was the same now as heretofore—if he could only fancy himself to be the same. Why not go in, and have done with all this? He would be the wonder of the club for twenty minutes, and then it would all be over. He stood close under the shade of a heavy building as he thought of this, but he found that he could not do it. He had known from the beginning that he could not do it. How callous, how hard, heartless, must he have been, had such a course been possible to him! He again repeated the lines to himself:

> "The reed that grows nevermore again
> As a reed with the reeds by the river."

He felt sure that never again would he enter that room, in which, no doubt, all those assembled were now talking about him.

As he returned home he tried to make out for himself some plan for his future life—but interspersed with any idea that he could weave were the figures of two women, Lady Laura Kennedy and Madame Max Goesler. The former could be nothing to him but a friend, and though no other friend would love him as she loved him, yet she could not influence his life. She was very wealthy, but her wealth could be nothing to him. She would heap it all upon him if he would take it. He understood and knew that. Taking no pride to himself that it was so, feeling no conceit in his love, he was conscious of her devotion to him. He was poor, broken in spirit, and almost without a future—and yet could her devotion avail him nothing?

But how might it be with that other woman? Were she, after all that had passed between them, to consent to be his wife—and it might be that she would consent—how would the world be with him then? He would be known as Madame Goesler's husband, and have to sit at the bottom of her table—and be talked of as the man who had been tried for the murder of Mr. Bonteen. Look at it in which way he might, he thought that no life could any longer be possible to him in London.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

PHINEAS AFTER THE TRIAL.

Ten days passed by, and Phineas Finn had not been out of his lodgings till after daylight, and then he only prowled about in the manner described in the last chapter. His sisters had returned to Ireland, and he saw no one, even in his own room, but two or three of his most intimate friends. Among those Mr. Low and Lord Chiltern were the most frequently with him, but Fitzgibbon, Barrington Erle, and Mr. Monk had also been admitted. People had called by the hundred, till Mrs. Bunce was becoming almost tired of her lodger's popularity, but they came only to inquire—because it had been reported that Mr. Finn was not well after his imprisonment. The Duchess of Omnium had written to him various notes, asking when he would come to her, and what she could do for him. Would he dine, would he spend a quiet evening, would he go to Matching? Finally, would he become her guest and the Duke's next September for the partridge shooting? They would have a few friends with them, and Madame Goesler would be one of the number. Having had this by him for a week, he had not as yet answered the invitation. He had received two or three notes from Lady Laura, who had frankly explained to him that if he were really ill she would of course go to him, but that as matters stood she could not do so without displeasing her brother. He had answered each note by an assurance that his first visit should be made in Portman Square. To Madame Goesler he had written a letter of thanks—a letter which had, in truth, cost him some pains. "I know," he said, "for how much I have to thank you, but I do not know in what words to do it. I ought to be with you telling you in person of my gratitude; but I must own to you that for the present what has occurred has so unmanned me that I am unfit for the interview. I should only weep in your presence like a school-girl, and you would despise me." It was a long letter, containing many references to the circumstances of the trial, and to his own condition of mind throughout its period. Her answer to him, which was very short, was as follows:

"Park Lane, *Sunday*.

"My dear Mr. Finn,—I can well understand that for a while you should be too agitated by what has passed to see your friends. Remember, however, that you owe it to them as well as to yourself not to sink into seclusion. Send me a line when you think that you can come to me, that I may be at home. My journey to Prague was nothing. You forget that I am constantly going to Vienna on business connected with my own property there. Prague lies but a few hours out of the route.

"Most sincerely yours,
"M. M. G."

His friends who did see him urged him constantly to bestir himself, and Mr. Monk pressed him very much to come down to the House. "Walk in with me to-night, and take your seat as though nothing had happened," said Mr. Monk.

"But so much has happened."

"Nothing has happened to alter your outward position as a man. No doubt many will flock round you to congratulate you, and your first half hour will be disagreeable; but then the thing will have been done. You owe it to your constituents to do so." Then Phineas for the first time expressed an opinion that he would resign his seat—that he would take the Chiltern Hundreds, and retire altogether from public life.

"Pray do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Monk.

"I do not think you quite understand," said Phineas, "how such an ordeal as this works upon a man, how it may change a man, and knock out of him what little strength there ever was there. I feel that I am broken, past any patching up or mending. Of course it ought not to be so. A man should be made of better stuff—but one is only what one is."

"We'll put off the discussion for another week," said Mr. Monk.

"There came a letter to me when I was in prison from one of the leading men at Tankerville, saying that I ought to resign. I know they all thought that I was guilty. I do not care to sit for a place where I was so judged, even if I was fit any longer for a seat in Parliament." He had never felt convinced that Mr. Monk had himself believed with confidence his innocence, and he spoke with soreness, and almost with anger.

"A letter from one individual should never be allowed to create interference between a member and his constituents. It should simply be answered to that effect, and then ignored. As to the belief of the towns-people in your innocence, what is to guide you? I believed you innocent with all my heart."

"Did you?"

"But there was always sufficient possibility of your guilt to prevent a rational man from committing himself to the expression of an absolute conviction." The young member's brow became black as he heard this. "I can see that I offend you by saying so; but if you will think of it, I must be right. You were on your trial, and I, as your friend, was bound to await the result—with much confidence, because I knew you, but with no conviction, because both you and I are human and fallible. If the electors at Tankerville, or any great proportion of them, express a belief that you are unfit to represent them because of what has occurred, I shall be the last to recommend you to keep your seat; but I shall be surprised indeed if they should do so. If there were a general election to-morrow, I should regard your seat as one of the safest in England."

Both Mr. Low and Lord Chiltern were equally urgent with him to return to his usual mode of life, using different arguments for their purpose. Lord Chiltern told him plainly that he was weak and womanly, or, rather, that he would be were he to continue to dread the faces of his fellow-creatures. The Master of the Brake Hounds himself was a man less gifted than Phineas Finn, and therefore hardly capable of understanding the exaggerated feelings of the man who had recently been tried for his life. Lord Chiltern was affectionate, tender-hearted, and true, but there were no vacillatory fibres in his composition. The balance which regulated his conduct was firmly set, and went well. The clock never stopped, and wanted but little looking after; but the works were somewhat rough, and the seconds were not scored. He had, however, been quite true to Phineas during the dark time, and might now say what he pleased. "I am womanly," said Phineas. "I begin to feel it. But I can't alter my nature."

"I never was so much surprised in my life," said Lord Chiltern. "When I used to look at you in the dock, by G— I envied you your pluck and strength."

"I was burning up the stock of coals, Chiltern."

"You'll come all right after a few weeks. You've been knocked out of time—that's the truth of it."

Mr. Low treated his patient with more indulgence; but he also was surprised, and hardly understood the nature of the derangement of the mechanism in the instrument which he was desirous of repairing. "I should go abroad for a few months if I were you," said Mr. Low.

"I should stick at the first inn I got to," said Phineas. "I think I am better here. By-and-by I shall travel, I dare say—all over the world, as far as my money will last. But for the present I am only fit to sit still."

Mrs. Low had seen him more than once, and had been very kind to him, but she also failed to understand. "I always thought that he was such a manly fellow," she said to her husband.

"If you mean personal courage, there is no doubt that he possesses it—as completely now, probably, as ever."

"Oh yes; he could go over to Flanders and let that lord shoot at him, and he could ride brutes of horses, and not care about breaking his neck. That's not what I mean. I thought that he could face the world with dignity; but now it seems that he breaks down."

"He has been very roughly used, my dear."

"So he has—and tenderly used too. Nobody has had better friends. I thought he would have been more manly."

The property of manliness in a man is a great possession, but perhaps there is none that is less understood, which is more generally accorded where it does not exist, or more frequently disallowed where it prevails. There are not many who ever make up their minds as to what constitutes manliness, or even inquire within themselves upon the subject. The woman's error, occasioned by her natural desire for a master, leads her to look for a certain outward magnificence of demeanor, a pretended indifference to stings and little torments, a would-be superiority to the bread-and-butter side of life, an unreal assumption of personal grandeur. But a robe of State such as this, however well the garment may be worn with practice, can never be the raiment natural to a man; and men, dressing themselves in women's eyes, have consented to walk about in buckram. A composure of the eye, which has been studied; a reticence as to the little things of life; a certain slowness of speech, unless the occasion call for passion; an indifference to small surroundings—these, joined, of course, with personal bravery, are supposed to constitute manliness. That personal bravery is required in the composition of manliness must be conceded, though of all the ingredients needed it is the lowest in value. But the first requirement of all must be described by a negative. Manliness is not compatible with affectation. Women's virtues, all feminine attributes, may be marred by affectation, but the virtues and the vice may coexist. An affected man, too, may be honest, may be generous, may be pious—but surely he can not be manly. The self-conscious assumption of any outward manner, the striving to add, even though it be but a tenth of a cubit to the height, are fatal, and at once banish the all but divine attribute. Before the man can be manly the gifts which make him so must be there, collected by him slowly, unconsciously, as are his bones, his flesh, and his blood. They can not be put on like a garment for the nonce, as may a little learning. A man can not become faithful to his friends, unsuspicious before the world, gentle with women, loving with children, considerate to his inferiors, kindly with servants, tender-hearted with all—and at the same time be frank, of open speech, with springing, eager energies—simply because he desires it. These things, which are the attributes of manliness, must come of training on a nature not ignoble. But they are the very opposites, the antipodes, the direct antagonism, of that staring, posed, bewhiskered, and bewigged deportment, that nil-admirari, self-remembering assumption of manliness, that endeavor of twopence halfpenny to look as high as threepence, which, when you prod it through, has in it nothing deeper than deportment. We see the two things daily, side by side, close to each other. Let a man put his hat down, and you shall say whether he has deposited it with affectation or true nature. The natural man will probably be manly. The affected man can not be so.

Mrs. Low was wrong when she accused our hero of being unmanly. Had his imagination been less alert in looking into the minds of men, and in picturing to himself the thoughts of others in reference to the crime with which he had been charged, he would not now have shrunk from contact with his fellow-creatures as he did. But he could not pretend to be other than he was. During the period of his danger, when men had thought that he would be hung—and when he himself had believed that it would be so—he had borne himself bravely without any conscious effort. When he had confronted the whole court with that steady courage which had excited Lord Chiltern's admiration, and had looked the bench in the face as though he at least had no cause to quail, he had known nothing of what he was doing. His features had answered the helm from his heart, but had not been played upon by his intellect. And it was so with him now. The reaction had overcome him, and he could not bring himself to pretend that it was not so. The tears would come to his eyes, and he would shiver and shake like one struck by palsy.

Mr. Monk came to him often, and was all but forgiven for the apparent defection in his faith. "I have made up my mind to one thing," Phineas said to him at the end of the ten days.

"And what is the one thing?"

"I will give up my seat."

"I do not see a shadow of reason for it."

"Nevertheless I will do it. Indeed, I have already written to Mr. Ratler for the Hundreds. There may be and probably are men down at Tankerville who still think that I am guilty. There is an offensiveness in murder which degrades a man even by the accusation. I suppose it wouldn't do for you to move for the new writ?"

"Ratler will do it, as a matter of course. No doubt there will be expressions of great regret, and my belief is that they will return you again."

"If so, they'll have to do it without my presence."

Mr. Ratler did move for a new writ for the borough of Tankerville, and within a fortnight of his restoration to liberty Phineas Finn was no longer a member of Parliament. It can not be alleged that there was any reason for what he did, and yet the doing of it for the time rather increased than diminished his popularity. Both Mr. Gresham and Mr. Daubeny expressed their regret in the House, and Mr. Monk said a few words respecting his friend, which were very touching. He ended by expressing a hope that they soon might see him there again, and an opinion that he was a man peculiarly fitted by the tone of his mind and the nature of his intellect for the duties of Parliament.

Then at last, when all this had been settled, he went to Lord Brentford's house in Portman Square. He had promised that that should be the first house he would visit, and he was as good as his word. One evening he crept out, and walked slowly along Oxford Street, and knocked timidly at the door. As he did so he longed to be told that Lady Laura was not at home. But Lady Laura was at home—as a matter of course. In those days she never went into society, and had not passed an evening away from her father's house since Mr. Kennedy's death. He was shown up into the drawing-room in which she sat, and there he found her—alone. "Oh, Phineas, I am so glad you have come."

"I have done as I said, you see."

"I could not go to you when they told me that you were ill. You will have understood all that."

"Yes; I understand."

"People are so hard and cold and stiff and cruel that one can never do what one feels one's self to be right. So you have given up your seat?"

"Yes—I am no longer a member of Parliament."

"Barrington says that they will certainly reelect you."

"We shall see. You may be sure, at any rate, of this—that I shall never ask them to do so. Things seem to be so different now from what they did. I don't care for the seat. It all seems to be a bore and a trouble. What does it matter who sits in Parliament? The fight goes on just the same. The same falsehoods are acted. The same mock truths are spoken. The same wrong reasons are given. The same personal motives are at work."

"And yet of all believers in Parliament you used to be the most faithful."

"One has time to think of things, Lady Laura, when one lies in Newgate. It seems to me to be an eternity of time since they locked me up. And as for that trial, which they tell me lasted a week, I look back at it till the beginning is so distant that I can hardly remember it. But I have resolved that I will never talk of it again. Lady Chiltern is out, probably."

"Yes; she and Oswald are dining with the Baldocks."

"She is well?"

"Yes, and most anxious to see you. Will you go to their place in September?"

He had almost made up his mind that if he went any where in September he would go to Matching Priory, accepting the offer of the Duchess of Omnium; but he did not dare to say so to Lady Laura, because she would have known that Madame Goesler also would be there. And he had not as yet accepted the invitation, and was still in doubt whether he would not escape by himself instead of attempting to return into the grooves of society. "I think not; I am hardly as yet sufficiently master of myself to know what I shall do."

"They will be much disappointed."

"And you—what will you do?"

"I shall not go there. I am told that I ought to visit Lough Linter, and I suppose I shall. Oswald has promised to go down with me before the end of the month; but he will not remain above a day or two."

"And your father?"

"We shall have him at Saulsby. I can not look it all in the face yet. It is not possible that I should remain all alone in that great house. The people all around would hate and despise me. I think Violet will come down with me; but of course she can not remain there. Oswald must go to Harrington because of the hunting. It has become the business of his life. And she must go with him."

"You will return to Saulsby?"

"I can not say. They seem to think that I should live at Lough Linter; but I can not live there alone."

He soon took his leave of her, and did so with no warmer expressions of regard on either side than has here been given. Then he crept back to his lodgings, and she sat weeping alone in her father's house. When he had come to her during her husband's lifetime at Dresden, or even when she had visited him at his prison, it had been better than this.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE DUKE'S FIRST COUSIN.

OUR pages have lately been taken up almost exclusively with the troubles of Phineas Finn, and, indeed, have so far not unfairly represented the feelings and interest of people generally at the time. Not to have talked of Phineas Finn from the middle of May to the middle of July in that year would have exhibited great ignorance or a cynical disposition. But other things went on also. Moons waxed and waned; children were born; marriages were contracted; and the hopes and fears of the little world around did not come to an end because Phineas Finn was not to be hung. Among others who had interests of their own there was poor Adelaide Palliser, who we last saw under the affliction of Mr. Spooner's love, but who before that had encountered the much deeper affliction of a quarrel with her own lover. She had desired him to free her—and he had gone. Indeed, as to his going at that moment there had been no alternative, as he considered himself to have been turned out of Lord Chiltern's house. The red-headed lord, in the fierceness of his defense of Miss Palliser, had told the lover that under such and such circumstances he could not be allowed to remain at Harrington Hall. Lord Chiltern had said something about "his roof." Now when a host questions the propriety of a guest remaining under his roof, the guest is obliged to go. Gerard Maule had gone; and, having offended his sweetheart by a most impolite allusion to Boulogne, had been forced to go as a rejected lover. From that day to this he had done nothing, not because he was contented with the lot assigned to him—for every morning, as he lay on his bed, which he usually did till twelve, he swore to himself that nothing should separate him from Adelaide Palliser—but simply because to do nothing was customary with him. "What is a man to do?" he not unnaturally asked his friend Captain Boodle at the club. "Let her out on the grass for a couple of months," said Captain Boodle, "and she'll come up as clean as a whistle. When they get these humors there's nothing like giving them a run." Captain Boodle undoubtedly had the reputation of being very great in council on such matters; but it must not be supposed that Gerard Maule was contented to take his advice implicitly. He was unhappy, ill at ease, half conscious that he ought to do something, full of regrets—but very idle.

In the mean time Miss Palliser, who had the finer nature of the two, suffered grievously. The Spooner affair was but a small addition to her misfortune. She could get rid of Mr. Spooner—of any number of the Spooners—but how should she get back to her the man she loved? When young ladies quarrel with their lovers, it is always presumed, especially in books, that they do not wish to get them back. It is to be understood that the loss to them was nothing. Miss Smith begs that Mr. Jones may be assured that he is not to consider her at all. If he is pleased to separate, she will be, at any rate, quite as well pleased—probably a great deal better. No doubt she has loved him with all her heart, but that will make no difference to her if he wishes—to be off. Upon the whole, Miss Smith thinks that she would prefer such an arrangement, in spite of her heart. Adelaide Palliser had said nothing of the kind. As Gerard Maule had regarded her as a "trouble," and had lamented that prospect of "Boulogne" which marriage had presented to his eyes, she had dismissed him with a few easily spoken words. She had assured him that no such troubles need weigh upon him. No doubt they had been engaged—but, as far as she was concerned, the remembrance of that need not embarrass him. And so she and Lord Chiltern between them had sent him away. But how was she to get him back again?

When she came to think it over, she acknowledged to herself that it would be all the world to her to have him back. To have him at all had been all the world to her. There had been nothing peculiarly heroic about him, nor had she ever regarded him as a hero. She had known his faults and weaknesses, and was probably aware that he was inferior to herself in character and intellect. But nevertheless she had loved him. To her he had been, though not heroic, sufficiently a man to win her heart. He was a gentleman, pleasant-mannered, pleasant to look at, pleasant to talk to, not educated in the high sense of the word, but never making himself ridiculous by ignorance. He was the very antipodes of a Spooner, and he was—or rather had been—her lover. She did not wish to change. She did not recognize the possibility of changing. Though she had told him that he might go if he pleased, to her his going would be the loss of every thing. What would life be without a lover—without the prospect of marriage? And there could be no other lover. There could be no further prospect should he take her at her word.

Of all this Lord Chiltern understood nothing, but Lady Chiltern understood it all. To his thinking the young man had behaved so badly that it was incumbent on them all to send him away, and so have done with him. If the young man wanted to quarrel with any one, there was he to be quarreled with. The thing was a trouble, and the sooner they got to the end of it the better. But Lady Chiltern understood more than that. She could not prevent the quarrel as it came, or was coming; but she knew that "the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love." At any rate the woman always desires that it may be so, acknowledging to herself that she can not readily "retrick her beams" and again "flame in the forehead of the morning sky" when she has acknowledged her love to a man, been engaged to him, and has then quarreled with him. "You'll see him in London," Lady Chiltern had said to her friend.

"I do not want to see him," said Adelaide, proudly.

"But he'll want to see you, and then—after a time—you'll want to see him. I don't believe in quarrels, you know."

"It is better that we should part, Lady Chiltern, if marrying will cause him—dismay. I begin to feel that we are too poor to be married."

"A great deal poorer people than you are married every day. Of course people can't be equally rich. You'll do very well if you'll only be patient, and not refuse to speak to him when he comes to you." This was said at Harrington after Lady Chiltern had returned from her first journey up to London. That visit had been very short, and Miss Palliser had been left alone at the Hall. We already know how Mr. Spooner took advantage of her solitude. After that Miss Palliser was to accompany the Chilterns to London, and she was there with them when Phineas Finn was acquitted. By that time she had brought herself to acknowledge to her friend Lady Chiltern that it would perhaps be desirable that Mr. Maule should return. If he did not do so, and that at once, there must come an end to her life in England. She must go away to Italy—altogether beyond the reach of Gerard Maule. In such case all the world would have collapsed for her, and she would become the martyr of a shipwreck. And yet the more that she confessed to herself that she loved the man so well that she could not part with him, the more angry she was with him for having told her that, when married, they must live at Boulogne.

The house in Portman Square had been practically given up by Lord Brentford to his son; but nevertheless the old Earl and Lady Laura had returned to it when they reached England from Dresden. It was, however, large, and now the two families—if the Earl and his daughter can be called a family—were lodging there together. The Earl troubled them but little, living mostly in his own rooms, and Lady Laura never went out with them. But there was something in the presence of the old man and the widow which prevented the house from being gay as it might have been. There were no parties in Portman Square. Now and then a few old friends dined there; but at the present moment Gerard Maule could not be admitted as an old friend. When Adelaide had been a fortnight in London she had not as yet seen Gerard Maule or heard a word from him. She had been to balls and concerts, to dinner-parties and the play; but no one had as yet brought them together. She did not know that he was in town. She was able to obtain so much information of him as that. But he never came to Portman Square, and had evidently concluded that the quarrel—was to be a quarrel.

Among other balls in London that July there had been one at the Duchess of Omnium's. This had been given after the acquittal of Phineas Finn, though fixed before that great era. "Nothing on earth should have made me have it while he was in prison," the Duchess had said. But Phineas was acquitted, and cakes and ale again became permissible. The ball had been given, and had been very grand. Phineas had been asked, but of course had not gone. Madame Goesler, who was a great heroine since her successful return from Prague, had shown herself there for a few minutes. Lady Chiltern had gone, and of course taken Adelaide. "We are first cousins," the Duke said to Miss Palliser—for the Duke did steal a moment from his work in which to walk through his wife's drawing-room. Adelaide smiled and nodded and looked pleased as she gave her hand to her great relative. "I hope we shall see more of each other than we have done," said the Duke. "We have all been sadly divided, haven't we?" Then he said a word to his wife, expressing his opinion that Adelaide Palliser was a nice girl, and asking her to be civil to so near a relative.

The Duchess had heard all about Gerard Maule and the engagement. She always did hear all about every thing. And on this evening she asked a question or two from Lady Chiltern. "Do you know," she said, "I have an appointment to-morrow with your husband?"

"I did not know; but I won't interfere to prevent it, now you are generous enough to tell me."

"I wish you would, because I don't know what to say to him. He is to come about that horrid wood, where the foxes won't get themselves born and bred as foxes ought to do. How can I help it? I'd send down a whole Gray's Inn Hospital for the foxes if I thought that that would do any good."

"Lord Chiltern thinks it's the shooting."

"But where is a person to shoot if he mayn't shoot in his own woods? Not that the Duke cares about the shooting for himself. He could not hit a pheasant sitting on a hay-stack, and wouldn't know one if he saw it. And he'd rather that there wasn't such a thing as a pheasant in the world. He cares for nothing but farthings. But what is a man to do? Or, rather, what is a woman to do?—for he tells me that I must settle it."

"Lord Chiltern says that Mr. Fothergill has the foxes destroyed. I suppose Mr. Fothergill may do as he pleases if the Duke gives him permission."

"I hate Mr. Fothergill, if that 'll do any good," said the Duchess, "and I wish we could get rid of him altogether. But that, you know, is impossible. When one has an old man on one's shoulders one never can get rid of him. He is my incubus; and then, you see, Trumpeton Wood is such a long way from us at Matching that I can't say I want the shooting for myself. And I never go to Gutherum if I can help it. Suppose we made out that the Duke wanted to let the shooting."

"Lord Chiltern would take it at once."

"But the Duke wouldn't really let it, you know. I'll lay awake at night, and think about it. And now tell me about Adelaide Palliser. Is she to be married?"

"I hope so—sooner or later."

"There's a quarrel or something—isn't there? She's the Duke's first cousin, and we should be so sorry that things shouldn't go pleasantly with her. And she's a very good-looking girl, too. Would she like to come down to Matching?"

"She has some idea of going back to Italy."

"And leaving her lover behind her! Oh dear, that will be very bad! She'd much better come to Matching, and then I'd ask the man to come too. Mr. Maud, isn't he?"

"Gerard Maule."

"Ah, yes; Maule. If it's the kind of thing that ought to be, I'd manage it in a week. If you get a young man down into a country house, and there has been any thing at all between them, I don't see how he is to escape. Isn't there some trouble about money?"

"They wouldn't be very rich, Duchess."

"What a blessing for them! But then, perhaps, they'd be very poor."

"They would be rather poor."

"Which is not a blessing. Isn't there some proverb about going safely in the middle? I'm sure it's true about money—only perhaps you ought to be put a little beyond the middle. I don't know why Plantagenet shouldn't do something for her."

As to this conversation Lady Chiltern said very little to Adelaide, but she did mention the proposed visit to Matching.

"The Duchess said nothing to me," replied Adelaide, proudly.

"No; I don't suppose she had time. And then she is so very odd—sometimes taking no notice of one, and at others so very loving."

"I hate that."

"But with her it is neither impudence nor affectation. She says exactly what she thinks at the time, and she is always as good as her word. There are worse women than the Duchess."

"I am sure I shouldn't like going to Matching," said Adelaide.

Lady Chiltern was right in saying that the Duchess of Omnium was always as good as her word. On the next day after that interview with Lord Chiltern about Mr. Fothergill and the foxes—as to which no present further allusion need be made here—she went to work and did learn a good deal about Gerard Maule and Miss Palliser. Something she learned from Lord Chiltern—without any consciousness on his lordship's part—something from Madame Goesler, and something from the Baldock people. Before she went to bed on the second night she knew all about the quarrel and all about the money. "Plantagenet," she said the next morning, "what are you going to do about the Duke's legacy to Marie Goesler?"

"I can do nothing. She must take the things, of course."

"She won't."

"Then the jewels must remain packed up. I suppose they'll be sold at last for the legacy duty, and when that's paid, the balance will belong to her."

"But about the money?"

"Of course it belongs to her."

"Couldn't you give it to that girl who was here last night?"

"Give it to a girl!"

"Yes—to your cousin. She's as poor as Job, and can't get married because she hasn't got any money. It's quite true; and I must say that if the Duke had looked after his own relations,